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The Mercury.

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NEWPORT, R. I.

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Established June, 1758, and is now in its one hundred and sixty-third year. It is the oldest newspaper in the Union, and with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting reading—editorial, State, local and general news, well selected miscellany and valuable farmers' and household departments. Reaching so many households in this and other States, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

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Local Matters.

THEN AND NOW

The valuation of this city in 1905, the last year previous to the adoption of the beautiful (?) city charter under which we now live was $43,035,600.00, and the total tax at the rate of $1.00 on the $100.00 was $43,035.00. The valuation of the city has been steadily jacked up to meet the expenditures created by the irresponsible body of a 195, till now it has reached the enormous figures of $80,520,400.00, with the tax rate just double what it was under the old charter, with a tax this year of $1,193,779.20, which is $125,000 short of what is supposed to be needed. The valuation of the city has been arbitrarily doubled in these years, for nobody supposes that the actual value of the city property has been increased that much, and the taxes have been increased nearly three times.

PROFESSIONAL PICKPOCKETS

Newport had a visit from two professional pickpockets on Sunday, coming down on the Mount Hope, but they were apprehended by the police before they had time to accomplish much in their line of business. A passenger on the same steamer lost his pocketbook while boarding a trolley car on Commercial wharf, and followed two men whom he suspected. He notified the police and the men were taken into custody. They were arraigned before Judge Baker Monday morning and were given sentences in the Providence County Jail. They appealed and gave bail.

Following their commitment Chief Tobin received information from the Boston police bureau that both men had long records. One of them has served sentences for burglary and other offences, and the other has been in jail a number of times for less serious matters.

TRINITY LODGE OF ELKS

Trinity Lodge of Elks of this city made a big showing in the big parade of the Order which was held in Boston on Tuesday, having a well organized marching club and the Douglas band. They featured in the pictures in some of the Boston papers.

On Saturday evening last there was a big class initiation in the Lodge room in this city, when the Lodge was honored by the presence of Grand Exalted Ruler W. F. McMeken of Baltimore, who was on his way to the big convention in Boston.

Building Inspector Douglas halted work on the Horgan building on the former Easton property at Broadway and Gould street on Tuesday, being dissatisfied with the material that was being used for mixing concrete. After the material had been removed from the premises, permission was given to resume work.

There was a big crowd at the Beach last Sunday, coming by automobiles, trains and boats. There have been comparatively few pleasant Sundays this summer, and the visitors are anxious to make the most of the few. There are now but two Sundays remaining for summer business at the beaches.

A fine of $75 has been imposed by Judge Baker upon Dr. David E. Flynn for assault upon Mr. W. Douglas Pierce of the Newport Herald. Dr. Flynn took an appeal, and the case will probably be heard in the Superior Court.

ELECTRIC COMPANY RE-ORGANIZED

A meeting of the stockholders of the Newport Electric Company was held on Monday, when the plan for re-organization was approved, and the local company will be wholly separate from the Bay State Street Railway which has operated the property for a number of years. A new board of directors was elected, consisting of Frank D. Lisle, William P. Sheffield, Peter King, Dr. William A. Sherman, William H. Hammett, T. T. Pitman, George R. Lawton, William G. Landers, F. W. Lawrence, and Edward P. Gosling. Frank D. Lisle was elected chairman of the board, and William P. Sheffield secretary. The contract with Sanderson & Porter to operate the system for a two-year term will probably be closed at a meeting of the board to be held on September 6th.

This re-organization practically brings the ownership and management of the company back into the hands of Newport men after many years of operation by outside parties. The property comprises the street railway property from Harrison avenue and the Beach to the Massachusetts line, as well as the big power plant on lower Thames street. The Company was first operated in 1889 under the name of the Newport Street Railway, but when the trolley line to Fall River was built some years later, the Newport & Fall River Street Railway Company absorbed the stock of the Newport Street Railway Company. Afterward the property was leased to the big Massachusetts system of trolley lines which operated under different names for a number of years, finally going into the hands of receivers.

JOHN H. GREENE RESIGNS

Mr. John H. Greene, Jr., has tendered his resignation as deputy collector of internal revenue to take effect on September 4th. This follows the appointment of the new collector for the district, who naturally wants to organize his own force. The name of Mr. Hugo R. Anthony has been prominently mentioned in connection with the appointment. Mr. Anthony has been long connected with the local office of the Providence Telephone Company and is very popular throughout the city.

Mr. Greene's service in this important office has been very satisfactory to the public. He has possessed the somewhat rare quality of universal courtesy and has been willing at all times to assist those who came to him for advice in matters connected with the internal revenue.

ZABRISKIE LAND SOLD

Another tract of land of the Zabriskie estate was sold at auction on Tuesday, this being unimproved property on Catherine street, Prairie and Hunter avenues. A large tract on Rhode Island avenue and Catherine street was withdrawn as the total bids did not reach the $8000 to which extent the property was protected by the owner. The total bids on that tract reached only $6800.

The ten lots in tract No. 2 were sold as follows: C. Hammett Rogers $1675, Mrs. B. J. Harvey $900, Harold J. Gilpin $900, William E. Brightman $1050, C. Hammett Rogers $675, Alexander Ray $800, Mrs. William L. Quick $825, A. B. Cascambas $700, Miss Ella T. Murphy $675, Emil E. Jemail $800.

The former estate of the late Frank W. Andrews on Maple avenue was sold at public auction on Thursday and the prices were generally regarded as very satisfactory. The land was divided into seven parcels, and most of the purchasers will devote their property to farming purposes, but Mr. Robert S. Hayes, who bought the site of the burned house, will probably cut his purchase up into house lots for future sale.

On account of the observance of Labor Day, the New York, New Haven and Hartford railroad, following its usual custom, will omit a number of local trains into and out of Boston, September 5th. Notices have been posted, informing the public of special stops that will be made by regular trains into and out of the city to cover the service dispensed with on this holiday.

Another cottage in the Island Park Annex in the town of Portsmouth was destroyed by fire on Monday evening. The Tiverton apparatus responded to an alarm and the Newport department was not called upon.

Former Governor R. Livingston Beeckman is expected to return from Europe in a short time and will come direct to Newport.

PECKHAM-GODDARD

Miss Mary Elizabeth Goddard, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Stephen L. Goddard, was united in marriage to Mr. Lawrence Stedman Peckham, son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward J. Peckham, on Thursday evening, the ceremony being performed at Trinity Parish House by Rev. Stanley C. Hughes, in the presence of a number of relatives and friends. The rooms were very attractively decorated for the occasion, and there was special music by Dr. Alister I. MacIver, piano, and Mr. Milton Epstein, violin.

The bride wore a gown of white crepe meteor, trimmed with silk fringe, her tulle veil being caught up with lilies of the valley. She carried a shower bouquet of Bride roses. She was given in marriage by her father, and was attended by Miss Dorothy Muir of Dorchester as maid of honor, and by Misses Anna and Edna Kelley, Mrs. Carlton Heartz, and Mrs. Henry A. Curtis. Mr. James N. Mulligan was the best man and the ushers were Messrs. Frank L. Goddard, Carlton Lawton, Leroy W. Peckham, and William T. Peckham.

Following the ceremony a very pretty reception was held, after which Mr. and Mrs. Peckham left by automobile for a wedding trip.

POOLE-ARNOLD

Miss Edith Gifford Arnold, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William M. Arnold, was united in marriage on Tuesday to Mr. Gerald Arlington Poole of Dallas, Texas, the ceremony being performed by Rev. Stanley Carnaghan Hughes, in Trinity Church. The bride wore a dress of Alice blue Georgette crepe with hat to match, and carried a bouquet of orchids and lillies of the valley. Miss Irene Frances Allen of Wilmington, Delaware, was the bridesmaid and Mr. Roy Chedley Blackburn of Boston was the best man.

Following the ceremony a wedding supper was served at the residence of the bride's parents on Newport Avenue, after which Mr. and Mrs. Poole left for Dallas, Texas, where they will make their home. During the war Mr. Poole was an ensign attached to the Naval Training Station here.

Mrs. Lucinda Scott of this city has pleaded not guilty to a charge of unlawfully possessing liquor and an unregistered still and the case has been set for hearing on September 8 before United States Commissioner Archibald C. Mattison in Providence. Counsel for Mrs. Scott presented to the Commissioner a motion that the liquor and still be returned to her, on the ground that they had been unlawfully seized without a search warrant.

Congressman Ogden L. Mills delivered a very interesting address under the auspices of the Newport County Women's Republican Club at the rooms of the Art Association on Thursday evening. In spite of the fact that the affair had been several times postponed unavoidably, there was a good attendance and much interest was manifested. Miss Wetmore, president of the club, presided and introduced the speaker.

A large number of visiting members of the Loyal Order of Moose is expected in this city on the occasion of the visit of Secretary of Labor Davis, who will pay a fraternal visit to Lands End Lodge next week. A large reception committee has been appointed to extend a welcome to Secretary Davis, and the whole affair promises to be a notable one.

By the will of Andrew K. McMahon which was admitted to probate on Monday, the widow, Lydia M. McMahon, is made the residuary legatee after certain bequests are paid to the children and grandchildren. Lydia M. McMahon and John W. McMahon are the executors.

The hearing on the petition of Michael Stoneman for an injunction restraining the Polisheen Manufacturing Company from foreclosing a mortgage on his residence has been continued to September 12.

Mr. John T. Allan has sufficiently recovered from his recent operation at the Newport Hospital to be able to return to his home.

Mr. Thomas Nuss is slowly improving at the Newport Hospital, following an operation for the removal of gall stones.

A number of automobile parties went to Tiverton Wednesday evening to see the annual illumination.

The recent fair at the Newport Hospital netted $1290 for the benefit of the children's ward.

KOLAH GROTTO OUTING

The members of Kolah Grotto will enjoy their first annual outing at Bristol Ferry Inn on Saturday afternoon, September 3, when a clambake will be served in the afternoon. Mr. Herbert P. Harrison is chairman of the committee of arrangements and the other members are Messrs. Harold P. Burdick, DeLoss H. Scott, George A. Ward and Jack K. Campbell. There will be a baseball game at 1.30, followed by athletic contests for prizes. The clambake, which will be the big feature of the day, will be opened at 4.30.

The local Grotto is also figuring on going to Hartford on September 16 to take part in the annual field day and outing of the New England Grottoes, which will be held on Friday and Saturday. It is expected that the new uniforms for Kolah Band, Drum Corps and Patrol will be here by that time, and if so Kolah should make a big showing in the parade which will be held on Friday evening in Hartford.

The order for uniforms has been placed with the Lilley Company of Columbus, Ohio, and delivery is promised for September 15. They will be of the Zouave type in very showy colors, and should make a big sensation on the street. The Patrol has been drilling regularly all summer under Patrol Master William Knowe and has already attained great proficiency in many intricate movements.

ATLANTIC BEACH ARRESTS

As the summer season draws to a close the trouble between the town government of Middletown and the operators of amusements at Atlantic Beach seem to be coming to a head. In July the Middletown town council adopted an ordinance regulating the conducting of amusements in the town and providing that licenses should be taken out. This went into effect on August 1st, and it is probable that some changes were made in the form of amusements at the Beach. However, on Tuesday three warrants were served at Atlantic Beach, two men being charged with maintaining a booth and conducting a game of chance, and the other with conducting a booth game without a license. All pleaded not guilty to the charges against them and were released on bail.

The annual meeting and dinner of the Rhode Island Society, Sons of the Revolution, will be held at the Miantonomi Club on Monday evening next, the anniversary of the Battle of Rhode Island. Following the business session a dinner will be served by the Club steward, after which there will be addresses by Bishop James H. Darlington, Rear Admiral William S. Sims and Captain Reginald R. Belknap. The members of the Miantonomi Club are invited to hear the addresses which are expected to be of unusual interest, as it is seldom that three such distinguished gentlemen are to be heard in one evening.

Mr. Helmes Jouvet has returned to his home in Rumford after spending a week with friends in this city. Mr. Jouvet was connected with the Mercury for more than sixty years, a large part of that time as foreman of the composing room, a record that would be hard to beat anywhere. He took occasion to look over the plant while here and was somewhat amazed to see the modern labor-saving machinery which has been installed since his retirement some years ago. In spite of his advanced years, Mr. Jouvet is in good health.

The Newport Beach Commission recently made a tour of some of the well known beaches of Massachusetts in search of ideas, and this week the Beach Committee of the Chamber of Commerce has been on a similar tour of the New York beaches. Both commissions have gathered a number of valuable ideas, some of which will doubtless be incorporated into recommendations for the rental of Newport Beach.

The towns along the line of the Providence and Fall River branch of the New Haven Road have asked for a postponement of the increased zone rates on that line for sixty days from September 1st, in order that they may have opportunity for thorough investigation of the necessity of the proposed increase. The new rate calls for an increased fare of 2 cents per zone.

There was a narrow escape from drowning at King Park on Sunday afternoon, a man named Daniel Shea being rescued at the last moment. Chief Yeoman William W. Vincent of the Training Station rendered first aid and the man was then taken to the Newport Hospital as his condition was rather serious.

DAVIS CUP MATCHES

The final round in the international tennis matches for the Davis Cup, which is being played at the Newport Casino, is attracting much attention. The boxes and grand stand seats are well occupied each day, many people coming from long distances to see the matches. The people of Newport, as well as the summer residents, are attending in good numbers, an encouraging feature for the future championship tennis in Newport. It had been planned to have a public reception on Thursday afternoon for the participants in the contest, but because of the lateness of the hour when the play was completed for the day, that event was postponed until Friday afternoon.

At the opening matches in singles on Thursday, the Japanese contestants, Shimidzu and Kumagae, defeated their Australasian opponents, the former winning over Anderson in three straight sets, while the latter had to go harder to beat Hawkes, requiring five sets. That match was very exciting and held the large crowd on edge constantly.

On Friday the doubles contests were in order, and on Saturday the finals are to be concluded.

BOARD OF ALDERMEN

At the weekly meeting of the board of aldermen on Thursday evening, Superintendent of Hacks Freeborn S. Coggeshall reported that four local hackney operators had been arrested by the Massachusetts police and charged with serious offenses in Massachusetts. It was voted that the licenses of these four men be suspended, in order to protect the riding public and to save the good name of the city. On motion of Alderman Thompson one jitney license was suspended for five days because of failure of the operator to comply with the board's requirement for this kind of service.

A large amount of routine business was transacted, and many licenses of various kinds were granted. Next Tuesday evening was assigned as the date for a hearing on complaints of the Carpenters' Union and various citizens regarding labor conditions on the new Rogers High School extension. This is a matter that has been in the air for some weeks, and action had been looked for at several previous meetings of the board.

An application for a permit for a gasoline pump on Bellevue avenue was disapproved and the petitioner was given leave to withdraw.

MORE BROADWAY STORES

Broadway is being invaded with store property and the owners of nearby property are somewhat displeased thereby. It is expected that the new Horgan building on the Benjamin Easton property will provide for stores on the ground floor, that being near Equality Park. Work has already been begun on three stores in the double house on Broadway opposite Bliss Road, known as the Vose property, these being brought out to the line of the sidewalk from the foundation wall of the house. It is understood that Mr. David J. Byrne, who owns the corner property on the north, formerly owned by Miss Emma Barker, proposes to erect a building to cover the whole lot, which will probably have stores on the ground floor. Mr. Byrne feels that he is forced into this action by the building of stores on the adjoining property, which requires him to protect himself.

It would seem to the casual passer on the street that the small store business was being considerably overdone. What the business of the city needs, more than additional retail stores, is some man with ability and energy to build up a good industry here. But that seems to be far away.

JOHN JENCKES

Mr. John Jenckes, who died in Providence a few days ago, was well known in Newport where he had many friends. Some years ago he bought an estate on Washington street in this city and made that his permanent residence for some time, but after his health failed he had come to Newport but little. For some time he had been in a very serious condition.

Mr. Jenckes is survived by two daughters, Mrs. Clifford Johnson of Barrington and Mrs. Albert Knox, wife of Lieutenant Commander Albert Knox. His wife died several years ago.

Work on the Rogers High School addition is proceeding with the utmost speed and it seems assured that the building will be closed in before severe weather interferes with outside work. A large force of brick layers is now at work and the walls are well above the second floor.

PORTSMOUTH.

(From our regular correspondent)

Death of Mrs. Eunice A. Greene

Mrs. Eunice A. Greene, who died at her home at the foot of Quaker Hill on Tuesday afternoon, was the widow of Dr. Benjamin Greene. She had been in poor health for a long time, but since April she had been confined to her bed most of the time.

Mrs. Greene was born July 5, 1842, and was one of nine children of the late Philip B. and Sarah E. Chase, only two of whom survive—Mr. Isaac I. Chase of Providence and Mrs. Rebecca Fish of Boston. She was married on November 26, 1860, to Dr. Benjamin Greene, and to them were born two children, Ivah, wife of Rev. William H. Allen of Newport and Mr. Isaac P. Greene of Providence. Dr. Greene died about thirteen years ago. She is also survived by two grandchildren, Miss Helene Allen, teacher of Foreign Languages in Falmouth, Mass., and Mr. James Greene of Providence.

Mrs. Greene was one of the oldest Elders of the Friends' Church, and had a large class in the Friends' Sunday School. She was very much interested in the Women's Christian Temperance Union and was president of that association for about 40 years. In her younger days she taught music, both vocal and instrumental.

The funeral was held on Friday afternoon at one o'clock from her late residence. The interment was in the family plot by the side of her husband. The floral tributes were numerous and beautiful.

Mr. Joseph Oliverin, who has been seriously ill, shows signs of improving slowly.

Mrs. Baldwin, who has been spending the summer at Willow Brook, has returned to her home in Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert W. Lawrence, Mrs. William B. Anthony and Mrs. Lucy Anthony have returned to their homes after spending a few days in Nantucket.

Miss Elizabeth Rose returned to her home in New London on Monday, after spending two weeks here with friends.

Mr. Jarvis Alger and two sons, Messrs. Howard and Ward Alger, and Mr. Burdick of Westerly, R. I., have been guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Peckham of this town and Mr. and Mrs. Howard R. Peckham and Mr. and Mrs. John R. Austin of Middletown.

Mr. Charles G. Clarke, who has been spending a few days in Providence, has returned to his home.

The Girl Scouts who have been at Camp Horsman near Kingston have returned to their homes. Another troop of Girl Scouts are camping out on the Smith farm.

Mr. Richmond Dennis was run over by an automobile recently. He stepped from behind his truck and was hit and knocked down by an automobile, the machine passing over him lengthwise. It was found that he was not as seriously injured as was at first thought, but he received a number of cuts and bruises.

Mrs. Henry F. Anthony has returned to her home after a visit with Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Lawton in New York State and Mr. and Mrs. Fred W. Lawton of Westfield, Mass.

The Sarah Rebekah Lodge held its regular meeting Wednesday evening with a good attendance. Two fruit cakes, which had been sold on chances, were drawn, the winners being Mr. J. H. Handy and Mr. Isaac Chase, Jr.

The Helping Hand Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church met on Tuesday afternoon with Mrs. Charles Ashley.

Mr. and Mrs. Steele of Connecticut are visiting Rev. and Mrs. Joseph Ackley at the Methodist Parsonage.

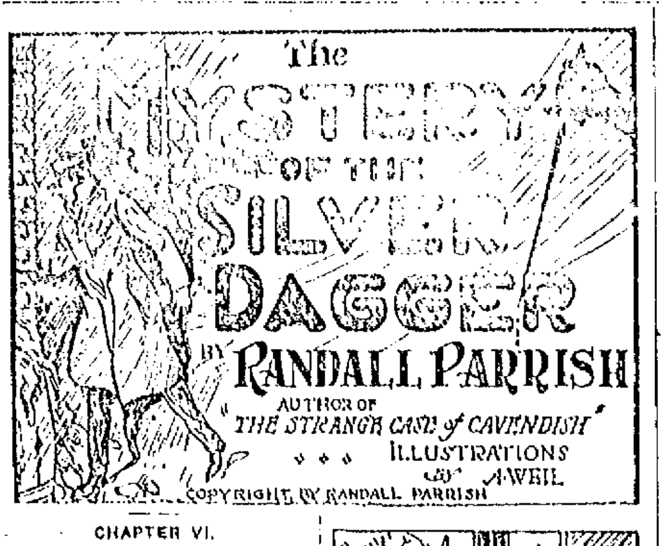
Mrs. Andrew J. Durfee and two children, Helen and Charles, have gone to Westfield, Mass., where they will be guests of Mrs. Durfee's sister, Mrs. Frederick A. Lawton.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Downing and Miss Louisa Mott, who have been on a motor trip to Plymouth, Boston, Lowell, Mass., and Hamoton Beach, N. H., have returned to their homes here.

Oakland Lodge of Odd Fellows will give its second annual bake this Saturday afternoon. There will be two bakes one opening at 4 and the other at 6 o'clock. Mr. Edward Potter will have charge of the bake. Sarah Rebekah Lodge will have a cake and candy table. The tickets are selling fast and a large crowd is expected.

There was a large attendance at the entertainment given by Colonel Barton Chapter, D. A. R., at St. Paul's Parish House on Tuesday evening. The opening number was a song by William and Dorothy Thurston. The play entitled "Peg o' My Heart," was read by Miss Grace Sage of Boston. Miss Roberta Elliott played an instrumental solo and Miss Caroline Lewis gave a dance. Cake and ice cream were on sale.

Motor Cycle Officer E. T. Potter of the Newport police force is under bonds for the Superior Court to answer charges of extortion preferred against him. He had been in charge of the night traffic on Broadway, and it is claimed that on Wednesday evening he held up a Chief Petty Officer for overspeeding, but allowed him to escape on receipt of a ten dollar bill. Chief Tobin was notified by the navy man and at once placed the officer under arrest, holding him in a cell over night, bail being obtained the next morning.



CHAPTER VI.

The Deserted Automobile.

I was impatient for him to continue, but he sat there chuckling to himself, and toying with a fresh cigar.

"Well, what did you do?"

"Played it safe and sure. I'm too old a bird to be caught napping. I put in most of that night holding wet cloths to Horner's head, and thinking out some plan of action. Before morning he thought I was the best fellow he ever knew, and I had the guy where I wanted him. For one of his breed, he was rather a friendly cuss. This was how I mapped it out. That letter of credit had to be turned into currency before it could do me any good, and the only way that might be done was through this guy Alva. I must get to him somehow in a way that would put me next his scheme, so I'd know when he had the cash. Once I got these details attended to in little old New York, the swag was as good as my own. I knew a dozen guys that would bump Horner off for a hundred if it come to that—so the price wasn't high. A million! Oh, man; and it had dropped right into my lap. But to do this it was necessary that I should be Horner. That was as plain as the nose on my face; as Horner, coming with credentials, and a letter of credit, Alva would be bound to receive me with open arms—see! After that I figured it would be easy enough. But how was I to become Horner?"

"You couldn't divvy with him?"

"I should say not; he was a square guy. It didn't take me five days to find that out. So there wasn't but one way out of it—I had to put Horner out of commission, and cop his belt. It was either that, or lose a million."

I looked at him, with a sickening feeling of horror I found hard to suppress, but he went on indifferently in the same cool, calm voice.

"There's no use going into details, Daly. We landed good friends, and Horner was in a strange land. You know New York pretty well, and I lost him the first afternoon down on the East side. I never did know just what became of the fellow, but the next morning I was alone in a back room in Greenwich, and had his belt with me." He chuckled grimly. "There wasn't much in it, except the letter of credit and a notation as to where and when Krantz could be seen privately. It was the next night Harris was to call on the banker up in Le Compte street."

"Le Compte? What number?"

"247 Le Compte. Do you know anybody there?"

"No; only Le Compte is an old stamping ground of mine. Go on; you went there, of course."

"Sure. Krantz didn't know me from Adam, not even my name. I was just '108' to him, but he was mighty nervous, just the same, and anxious to get away. I could see that. I don't think it was his house either; just an ordinary-looking shack, brick, three stories and a basement.

"That banker was business all right, and he put me through the whole bundle of tricks before he'd even let me sit down. I had to lie some, but mostly I was posted well enough so as to give him what he was looking for. Anyhow, I passed, and after that he was rather decent. Took me into a room and gave me a drink, besides asking me about affairs in Europe. H—l, I didn't know only what I'd seen in the papers—but I gave him an earful, and on the strength of his name I cussed England for all I was worth—which at that time was about a million bucks. Then I handed over the letter of credit, and he jammed it into his pocket like it was a scrap of paper. I don't remember that he even looked at it. After that he was for getting rid of me, the sooner the better. But I needed to know where Alva was, so I hung on, telling the old guy I had a private message that I had to deliver personally—straight from them financiers in London. So, after skirmishing a while, he jotted down an address on a bit of paper, and the next thing I knew I was out in the street, with that gripped in my mitt."

"And then, of course, you hunted up Alva?"

"The next morning, before any bank opened. I thought over it all night and got up a peach of a story. I needed it, too, for this Alva was a smooth guy. It took some nerve to get him, but I knew, through Horner's memorandum, some things about him he never supposed was known up in this country; so when I sprung them, natural-like, he quit being offish, and gave me the glad hand."

"Who is he? A crank?"

"Not by a d—d sight. He's a captain in the Chilean army, military attache to the embassy at Washington, intrusted with certain work. But he's really working to overthrow the present Chilean government, gettin' up th [illegible] there. I [illegible] until [illegible] but I must [illegible] for he got [illegible] He was a [illegible] to some [illegible] New York he had never [illegible] before. That

"He Jotted Down an Address on a Bit of Paper."

made a hit with him. There wasn't nothing said about cashing up all day long, and early the next morning we breezed into a downtown hotel, and went to bed."

"What hotel?"

"Search me. We'd been tanking up on champagne and were drunker in the morning than when we turned in. That's the honest truth. All either of us wanted for breakfast was a cup of coffee. We got that at a little dump on some side street, so as to brace up a little." He paused to laugh at the recollection, helping himself to a third cigar.

"And you actually retain no knowledge of where you spent the night?"

"Not the faintest glimmer. Can you beat it? Alva lost part of a letter somewhere, and a curious sort of box he had picked up in Chinatown. He put them both in his pocket, so he says, but that was the last he ever saw of either. Queer looking box that was; nothing I cared about, but it cost the guy a hundred bucks, and he was daffy over it. Anyhow, that night put me solid with Alva."

"But the money? He's never drawn it?"

"Not a dinky red. He claims the time hasn't come yet, and that it's safer with Krantz. But I've stuck to him like a brother and he's took me in with his gang, so now I know every move that's going on. I'm on the inside, all right, and now it's beginning to get hot."

"They are ready to act?"

"Sure; that's what the meeting was about tonight."

"What are they after—ships?"

"Well, they've got to have some, but mostly arms; then there is a guy down there who's got to be crooked. I don't care what it is; when the time comes they won't find a handful of change to act with. I'm some patriot, I am, and I'll put a bigger crimp in their sails than the whole United States government secret service."

"But see here, Harris," soberly, "how do you know you are going to get this? Of course, I see the game the way you've mapped it out, but suppose Krantz pays in check, or draft. That spikes your gun."

"H—l, yes; but he won't. I've sized up this man Krantz. He's in the game for money. He don't care who wins the d—n revolution, for he gets his share out of the pot right away. He's playing the game secretly on his own account. Get that! He expects it may be a year, or perhaps two, before he can cash in on the deal, but when it does come his share of profit will be likely a hundred thousand. That beats bank interest, and the old bird is willing to take the chance."

"Quite likely that's true; no bank would finance such a project."

"Of course not—the directors would throw a fit. Well, now, that kind of a guy, in on a raw deal like this, is going to play safe, isn't he? He isn't going to leave any evidence lying around to hang himself with—any drafts, or checks to pass through the clearing house? Not on your life; he is too wily a fox for that. Krantz knew this was coming, and he's been cashing in for six months or more to be ready for it. And now he's got the currency stored away, nobody knows where but himself. When Alva comes for it, it will be handed out secretly, and that old bird will crumple up the receipt in his pocket and wait till he can cash in through those guys in London. So now it's up to us to locate the dough; we've got to separate it from either Krantz, or Alva—I'm for Alva."

"Why?"

"Because the job looks easier. He's human and no money grabber. He's just as liable as not to carry the whole wad around with him; d—n it. I think that's just what he will do, for he won't dare deposit such a sum anywhere. That's why I have held back so long, without attempting to strike. I'm banking on the ugly captain to offer me a soft thing. What [illegible]?"

I [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] to be Daly, and on the same trail with him; desiring to use me in what was probably the biggest job of his life, he had been led into the indiscretion of confiding to me the full truth of his scheme. If I kept my head and nerve, I had it in my power to block everything and thus bring the whole gang to swift justice. I realized the danger of such an attempt, the immediate peril of endeavoring to accomplish this alone, yet at the moment perceived no other way. I must remain Daly and appear eager to obtain my share of the spoils.

"A slick piece of work, Harris," I admitted admiringly, "and so far as I can judge you have figured out the chances about right. They look good. I'm with you, old man—shake!"

Our hands clasped. "That is what I thought you would say, Harry," more familiarly. "Come on now and drink with me."

I put the stuff down, rather feeling the need of it, and desiring to establish our intimacy more closely.

"Then that's settled, George—yes, I'll have another cigar. By the way," as I lit up, "there was another thing I wanted to ask you about. You said there was a woman here from Washington. What's the idea?"

"D—n if I know, but I guess it's all right. Still I don't quite cotton to the dame. This is how I got it from Alva. Those junta fellows—the big ones, you know—think this New York bunch is pretty slow; they want some action for their money. So Senor Mendez, who seems to be engineering the deal, decides to send somebody over here to stir up the criminals. But he's watched every minute; secret service men are as thick as flies, and if one of his underlings was to leave for New York, he'd never get ten feet without being spotted. Mendez is wise to this, so he gathers in privately a skirt he believes is all right, and sends her. It's not a decent job for a woman, and that's what makes it safe. He made a good guess, too; that female is as smart as a steel trap. She gave me the cold shivers."

"You don't think she suspects you?"

"No, I don't; there ain't no reason why she should; but she gave me the once over, all right, and I am perfectly willing to know she is on her way back to Washington. I never did play in any luck with a woman in the game—perhaps that's what makes me afraid of 'em."

"What's her name?"

"Gessler, so Alva said—Marie Gessler; South American, I suppose; anyhow, she talked that language like a native. I steered clear of her most of the time. Somehow she got my goat. However, that's nothing to worry over." He glanced at his watch. "The dame's safely off by this time. What do you say—let's go home."

I signified my willingness.

As we passed out together through the narrow passage, extinguishing the lights behind us, the one overpowering desire in my mind was to be once more alone, so as to think over, and piece together as best I might this fabric of villainy with which I was confronted. The situation was fairly clear, yet there were strange lights and shadows in it I found hard to reconcile. Moreover, what should I do? How could I serve best—by immediately telling my story to the officers of the law, and thus washing my hands clean? or by continuing to enact the role of Harry Daly, and in this way entrapping these fellows redhanded? I had had fully enough of Harris for the present. His boastfulness and pride of crime disgusted me, I had no desire to be associated with the fellow, or pretend, even for a worthy purpose, to be his companion. Yet, all this had happened so suddenly and unexpectedly I could not determine the best course to pursue. I remained dazed and confused, the only clear decision being an eagerness to bring him, and these others also, to justice.

We were the last to leave the place, and emerged from the building into the deserted yard, leaving all in silence and darkness behind us. The door closed tightly, secured by a night-latch, and we stood motionless in the drizzle. By that time I was ready with a suggestion, but by good fortune he took the initiative.

"We better slip out of here alone, I reckon," he whispered. "I'll go up this way, and then you take a sneak through the lumber yard. Likely we'll catch the same car going down. If we don't, look me up at Costigan's place—you know where that is?"

"Sixth avenue, isn't it?"

"Sure. Ask for Parker, and it will be all right. If I ain't in, leave a note where I can hunt you up. I got to keep my eye on Alva tomorrow, so he don't get away with the stuff."

"You expect him to draw?"

"Not before night; but, just the same, I want to know for sure. You wait here five minutes, for I've got the longest trip to make. You'll show up all right?"

"You can't lose me; it looks too good."

He chuckled and patted me on the shoulder in an excess of friendliness, evidently feeling to some extent the whisky he had been imbibing so freely.

"That's the talk, Daly. Well, so long."

He slipped out through the gate into the dark of the alley, leaving it slightly ajar for me to follow. I sheltered myself behind the high board fence and listened to the soft slosh of his feet in the mud. The sound vanished, and all about was silence and darkness. I waited only long enough to be sure he was safely out of the way, and then followed, eager to be off. One thing was certain; I would make no effort to join him on the car; I would use the remainder of the night to decide my future, working out the problem alone.

To make certain that I avoided any possibility of encountering the fellow again, I passed directly through the deserted lumber yard before emerging upon Gans street. This thoroughfare was at this hour desolate enough, not a light showing in the houses, or a moving figure visible as far as I could see in the dimness of the street lamps. The rain was steady, the pavement shimmering with moisture, the only sound the pattering of the drops as they fell. If any policemen were abroad I saw no signs, and, with collar turned up to my ears, I chose to walk rather than seek the block to the east and the possibility of a street car.

The factory district ended in a row of houses, dark and silent at this hour, but the walking was good, and I pushed forward briskly, so buried in thought as to become practically insensible to the unpleasant surroundings. The night had been a full one, far exceeding my expectations, yet left me more puzzled than ever as to my own duty. So far I knew of no act of crime with which these men could be connected; they were merely proposing a future attack on a neutral government. If, however, I consented to play my part with Harris, I would not only be in ample time to circumvent any danger Alva and his gang might contemplate, but also gain ample evidence for their conviction and expulsion from this country. In addition to this I would be in position to block the daring plans of this international thief. Altogether it seemed to me that the wiser course for me to pursue was to wait, and watch, ready to act at any moment, but keeping my own counsel until certain that the specific moment had arrived.

Nor was I oblivious to the strange impression left upon me by my encounter with Marie Gessler. She had interested me oddly, and I could not drive her memory from my thoughts. Our moment of conversation had been peculiar, and her words and actions remained as a constraint. Why had she stood there, her hand on the door, and talked to me in that mocking way? Had she a purpose, an aim? Did she believe my explanation? or was her suspicion aroused into a determination to verify it in some way? Although I could not decide, yet doubtless the latter theory was the most probable. That was why I had been pledged to call at "247 Le Compte street," and ask for "Miss Conrad." This was the same place where Harris had secretly met Krantz. Evidently it was another headquarters for these precious villains. Once there, and safely in their power, the truth of my identity could easily be established. Was that her idea?

If so, who then was "Miss Conrad?" Not Marie Gessler, certainly, under another name, for she would have returned to Washington. There was no doubt as to that, for Alva had agreed to take her direct to the depot in his own car, and would scarcely leave until she was safely on the train. Probably the other woman was a confederate, with whom she would communicate by telephone. My clearer judgment told me all this, made me fully conscious of the danger of keeping this appointment, yet never swerved me from an intention to do so. Marie Gessler's eyes were frank and honest; they had looked directly into my own, pleadingly I imagined, and I retained a blind faith in her no ordinary circumstances would overcome. She was involved in this criminal conspiracy—there could be no doubt as to that—but why? under what conditions? What could ever have driven so womanly a woman to such an association? Was her appeal to me an effort at assistance? Was she blindly endeavoring to learn in this way if I was worthy of trust, and confidence? This hope would not down; it remained insistent, persistent. I would keep my word; I would go to the place designated, at the hour set; I would go armed, prepared for whatever might occur of treachery—but I would go. Perhaps here was the key to the whole mystery; and once I solved her connection with the plot, particularly if it absolved her from blame, and the necessity of exposure, I could go forward with clear conscience, and land these others where they justly belonged.

I must have covered four or five blocks immersed in such thought, almost forgetful of my surroundings, my head bent low before the rain, my feet carelessly slushing through the water in pools on the sidewalk. I met no one, heard no sound to arouse me; all about was dark, desolate, forlorn. Then suddenly I became conscious of some unusual obstruction just ahead. At first I took it for a wrecked wagon lying against the curb, but another step forward revealed the truth—a deserted touring car, its red tail-light plastered with mud, and barely visible. I approached with a feeling of relief; it was not wrecked, no sign of accident was to be noticed. Even in that dim light I could see the machine was no common car, a sedan, its glass brilliant in spite of the rain spatters, and its paint gleaming brightly.

I stared about wonderingly, but could perceive nothing to account for the presence of such a car, or its apparent desertion. Up and down both streets not a figure moved; not a sound reached me but the slough of the wind, and the patter of rain. I shivered with the loneliness of it all, as curiosity led me to cross the muddy parkway to assure myself as to what this strange desertion meant.

There was no one in the car. I could look straight through the dimmed windows, against the glare of a street lamp a block away. One of the rear doors stood half open, and, tempted by it, I bent over and felt within. My hand touched some object on the floor, and I instantly straightened up with the thing gripped in my fingers. It was a long, thin-bladed dagger—an ornament rather than a weapon—with an odd, fanciful hilt. There were stains upon the polished steel; and the moment I saw it, I knew where it had attracted my attention before—as a pin in Marie Gessler's hat.

It Was a Long, Thin-Bladed Dagger.

CHAPTER VII.

I Seek Miss Conrad—The Threads Become Tangled.

I grasped the thing in my hand, holding it up incredulously into whatever faint light I could find. There was no question as to its identity; I could not doubt. This was the same peculiar ornament I had observed that evening in the girl's hat, or else its exact mate. I recalled the quaint shape of the miniature hilt too clearly to be mistaken. Then this car was the one in which she had departed with Gustave Alva two hours before. What had occurred in the meanwhile? Something serious evidently. The dagger on the floor would indicate a struggle, or at least a hasty departure from the vehicle.

I stood staring at it, slowly comprehending the probable meaning of those dark stains on the blade. Their nature could not be determined in so dim a light, yet when I touched them with my finger it became discolored. My God! could it be blood? Blood! it was blood; then this had been a scene of tragedy, of awful crime perhaps. The discovery sickened me, but I had to go on. I wrenched open the forward door and peered fearfully within. I could not but know instantly what I saw—a dim, huddled form leaning forward across the steering-wheel, one hand yet on the spokes, with head dangling helplessly, upheld only by contact with the windshield.

I knew the man was dead before I touched the cold hand; his very posture told that—and how he had died; instantly, from a stab in the back. I could not see his features, the darkness hid them, but desperation drove me to pass my hand over the concealed face; the upturned mustache, the exposed teeth, grinning ironically in death, left no doubt as to who he was—the Chilean soldier and attache, Captain Alva. The awful horror of it paralyzed my very brain. She must have done this! That girl must have killed him! But why? for what reason? for what purpose? Could it have been in answer to insult? Had the man dared to press his advances once they were alone? and had she resisted? I would not question his inclination, yet this was not possible. The knife lay on the floor behind him, just as plucked, blood-stained, from the wound. The girl, then, was not even riding beside him; she could not be to have dealt such a blow—she must have been alone in the rear seat. There in the dark, unnoticed by the man driving, she had leaned forward, and driven that sharp blade unerringly home to the heart. He had suspected nothing in time to raise even an arm in self-defense. Then, dazed, frightened by her terrible deed, forgetful even of the knife in her terror, she had dashed it to the floor and fled into the darkness, leaving the rear door open behind her.

That was the story; that must be the story. My mind pictured the scene in all its horror. Yet what could account for such an act? What cause could transform this woman, this smiling-faced girl, into a murderess? Her leaving that weapon behind would seem to proclaim that the deed was done in haste, on the spur of the moment; that it had not been in any way premeditated and planned. Otherwise she would have guarded against such danger of discovery. Why, that carelessness alone might ruin every hope of escape, might bring her to the electric chair—it was damning evidence.

I dare not remain there in the presence of this grisly spectacle. To be found would fasten the hideous crime upon me, while such a story as I must tell would never be believed. I did not know even who she really was, or where she might be. I cared nothing for Alva's death; horrible as it was, I was conscious of no regret, but I must not be mixed up in the affair. The only thing for me to do was to disappear, and leave the police to make their own discovery. And the knife? the weapon which had done the deed? What should I do with that?

I did not hesitate long. I would protect her from discovery if I could; at least until I was myself convinced of her guilt. There was no longer the slightest doubt in my mind but what this was her act. Everything pointed straight toward her. Yet there might be a reason, a worthy cause, and, in any case, she had done a service to the country. The world was better off with this conspirator dead; nor would I denounce the one who had taken his life. I hid the knife in a pocket of my coat, and hastened down the side street toward the nearest car line, my only desire being to escape that neighborhood as swiftly as possible.

By a quarter of three I was safely in my room at the hotel, for the first time feeling a sense of real security. Yet it was not to sleep. I did not even undress, except to remove my wet outer garments before flinging myself on the bed. My brain wouldn't rest, and I lay there staring up at the ceiling while my mind reviewed over and over again every incident of the night, and planned for the morning. How would the murder of Alva affect the plot I had started to overcome? Would it continue under some other leadership? Who? And the money? what would become of that? What readjustment of plans would Harris consider necessary? Once I knew his conception of the situation, I could better regulate my own action. Meanwhile the only safe course was to remain still, and profess ignorance. Then I had the engagement at 247 Le Compte street—that might reveal something of importance to help me solve the problem.

I got up, removed the dagger from my pocket, and examined it in the electric light. It was a toy weapon, yet sufficiently dangerous, for all that, and I looked at it with a sense of horror. How could a woman have ever thrust even that keen blade with one blow through to the heart? Yet the evidence was before me. Those dark stains were blood—human blood—dried now, but unmistakable in their proof of crime. I washed the steel, leaving the blade bright and polished; then wrapped it carefully, and hid it away at the very bottom of my bag, locking the latter against possible inspection by a curious maid. I felt relieved once I had the weapon out of sight.

The morning papers contained no reference to the tragedy; the body of the dead man had not been found in time. There would be noise enough when it was, no doubt, for Alva must have been widely known and ranked as of some importance. Even if his identity was never established, if no suspicion was aroused as to his position, and secret work in this country, yet the very mystery of the case would create a sensation. But perhaps he had papers on his person of value. I regretted not having searched his pockets. Then the conviction came that possibly here might be the true solution of the murder—a desire to secure some documents the man carried.

I went down to Costigan's place on foot, not being entirely certain of the exact location. It was an ordinary corner saloon, with a stairway leading to rooms above. In the morning hours the barroom was nearly deserted, but the man at the bar, looking me over cautiously, said that "Mr. Parker" had already gone out, and had left no word as to when he would return. I was rather glad, yet I left a telephone number, with a request that I be called whenever he came back. I waited impatiently for the call in my room, but none came. It dawned upon me that in all probability Harris was frantically endeavoring to find the whereabouts of Alva, as yet having no suspicion of his death. I telephoned Costigan's, but "Mr. Parker" had not returned.

I sent out for a noon edition, eagerly scanning its columns, but finding nothing. Surely the deserted car, with its grim burden, must have been discovered before this. The police must have suppressed the news to enable them to work in secret; they might have found some evidence in the dead man's pockets, or in the dark recesses of the car, by which they still hoped to capture the assassin.

I remember eating in a basement restaurant, where I was totally unknown, and then departing for the rendezvous on Le Compte street. I approached the number given with serious misgivings. If the police were actually on the trail, some knowledge of this place might be in their possession, and I could not be too cautious.

There was no outward sign of any surveillance as I turned into the block; indeed except for a grocery truck before one of the houses, and an organ-grinder at the farther corner, entertaining a group of children, the street was entirely deserted. Mustering my courage, and with a feeling of deep excitement, I advanced up the steps of the house numbered 247, and, finding refuge in the outer vestibule, rang the bell. I heard no distant tinkle, but within a moment or two the door opened a crack, held in

"Well, What Is It?" She Snapped.

that position by a chain, and the face of a middle-aged woman peered out at me.

"Well, what is it?" she snapped, in no encouraging tone.

"I should like to see Miss Conrad," I began apologetically. "I have an appointment with her."

"Not here yer ain't, young man, for there ain't nobody by that name in this house."

"Are you sure? This is 247, is it not? That was the number given me. She was to be here at two o'clock."

"This yere is 247 all right. I ain't

(Continued on Page 7)

Newport & Providence Street Ry Co.

Cars Leave Washington Square for Providence

WEEK DAYS—6.50, 7.40, 8.50 A. M., then each hour to 8.50 P. M.

SUNDAYS—7.50 A. M., then each hour to 9.50 P. M.

LIVE THROUGH SILLY SEASON

Boys and Girls Can Be Trusted to Outgrow Natural Foolishness of Their Early Years.

A man is old when he begins to be irritated by the folly of youth. The old man of, any, forty years, has little patience with the boys and girls of sixteen. He is convinced that the girls are without sense, and he is persuaded that they never will have any sense. No ideas illumine their conversations. "I'll say he did," they will remark; or "I'll tell the world." Endless chatter; endless repetition of the slang phrases of the day; endless giggling. He forgives them, however, because of the luster of their eyes and the soft freshness of their cheeks.

The boys he cannot forgive. The boys are not beautiful; they are awkward and ungainly; their voices occasionally miss on one cylinder; they are filled with a desire to show off; they talk too much and say too little; they brag; they feel their biceps and wish to be wicked; they are proud of their newfound vices, and strive to give the impression that they are bad guys and dangerous to fool with.

The old man is convinced that they will all go to the devil. He thinks they will all be hanged, and rather hopes they will. But they are not. Considering the variety and extent of the temptations our civilization offers, a surprisingly small number of boys grow up to be hanged. They have their silly season—their season of taking pride in things that are not wholly respectable—and then they settle down to become old men and criticize the next generation.

The father who is old loses sleep in the fear that his boy will not turn out all right. He forgets that he was that same kind of boy, and if he, having made a poor start, was able to become the wonderful creature he now is, what reason has he to believe that a son of his will fail to do as well? The saplings are green and worthless, but they all develop into seasoned timber if they are not cut down or denied an opportunity to develop.—Baltimore Evening Sun.

The Power of Music.

Brig. Gen. Charles G. Dawes, formerly controller of the currency, best known as "Hell an' Maria" and now director of the fiscal system of the federal government, is a musician as well as a financial magician who proposes to make Uncle Sam's high cost of doing business dwindle and shrink to the vanishing point.

While commissioner of supplies at General Pershing's headquarters in France, General Dawes needed eight hundred horses and needed them in a hurry. His formal application was promptly turned down by the British commander. Dawes was not to be thwarted, and trailed this particular officer, Gen. William E. Budkin, to his hotel and thence to a cafe to make a personal appeal.

While they were waiting for service a good orchestra played. It brought Dawes' jangling nerves into tune. He had a parley with the orchestra leader and soon was playing an instrument. General Budkin and his party so enjoyed this music that they kept Dawes playing most all night and in the morning he got his eight hundred horses—he had fiddled them out of the British commander.

Barthelmess Meets a Sport.

Dick Barthelmess says he has met many sports in his day, but none equal a country friend he met while on location.

"He pestered the life out of me to introduce him to a girl in the picture. I finally did so. He took her out three times and stopped short.

"'What's the matter?' I asked him. 'Don't you like her any more?'

"'Well, I thought I liked her, but she tried to work me,' he answered. 'The first time I was out with her she told me she liked salted almonds, so I got her some. The next night, when we were taking a walk, she had to have some more. The third night, when we were sitting on the hotel porch, she wanted some more salted almonds. [illegible] That's where I quit.'" Dick quotes his rural friend as saying. "'That there girl owes me 30 cents now and she hasn't made a move to pay it back!'"—New York Tribune.

No Solitude.

"How pleasant it must be to dwell in the wilderness, far, far from the madding crowds;" we rhapsodically [illegible].

"That is what I expected it would be before I came," sourly replied the [illegible]. "But soon after I got located [illegible] started that I was making a pretty fair article of home brew in [illegible] here, and ever since I have had more callers than a prizefight [illegible]. Kindly sign your name in [illegible] book, and go on your way."—Kansas City Star.

Wind and String.

"[illegible] is a great fellow for blowing [illegible] in public."

"[illegible] man, I suppose it's a [illegible] from playing second [illegible]."—Boston Transcript.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

THE SILVER DAGGER

denyin' that," the voice more acid than ever, "but there ain't no Miss Conrad yere; so that's all there is about it."

"But there must be."

"Must be nuthin'! I guess I know. I've been yere seventeen years, an' ther never was nobody of that name ever in this house. Besides, I'm houseclenin' and can't stand yere talkin' all day."

"Do you know a man named Krantz?" I flung at her desperately, in a last effort to arouse some response. "Adolph Krantz."

"No, I don't; ther ain't none of those people yere, I tell yer."

The door slapped shut in my face, and I heard a bolt shot into place—the interview was ended.

I stared a moment at the blank door in bewilderment; then turned away, and slowly retraced my steps to the street. So the young woman had deliberately lied to me; had merely been amusing herself at my expense; had sent me on this wild goose chase so that she might laugh over my simplicity. But was this true? If so, how was I to account for the strange coincident that both she and Harris had named the same number, and street? It could not have occurred merely through chance. Something must have happened in the meanwhile to overthrow all her plans, and to cause this rabid housekeeper to even deny her very existence. And I held the key of explanation—the murder of Alva.

Beyond all doubt here was both cause and effect. The girl had intended to either see me herself, or by proxy in the form of this mysterious Miss Conrad. But what had since occurred had compelled a sudden change in plans, a necessity for concealing her escape. There was no way in which she could notify me, but she might very easily have telephoned to her landlady. And, if the place was what I suspicioned it to be, she might have every confidence that her secret would be guarded.

I glanced up at the front of the house, searching the windows, but without results. The curtains were closely drawn to keep out the sun, and the place appeared forlorn and deserted. At the delicatessen shop on the corner I gained a gleam of light, but merely enough to strengthen my former judgment. The keeper, a flaxen-haired Swede, was loquacious enough, but had only been in business there a few weeks.

"247 Le Compte, you say. Yes, she takes roomers; some are men, and some are women. They come in here and buy, but I never ask the names; it was all cash, so why should I care? Sometimes I hear them call names—sure; but never Conrad. The woman what keeps the house? Wait and I tell you; it is on the books; ah! you read as she wrote it for me—Mrs. Augusta Waldron; maybe a widow? What you think? Bah, she never like anything I have to sell. I care nothing for trade with her—a cat this Mrs. Augusta Waldron."

I left him with the familiar sound of the name ringing in my ears—the [illegible] I was travelling in a circle, and the circle was growing continually more compact. Blindly, I was stumbling up against it here and there most unexpectedly. Augusta Waldron, beyond doubt, was Ivan Waldron's wife. No wonder her house was designated the meeting place for those people.

I returned to the hotel. Only as I stood before the door did I realize that the newsboys were calling out, "Extra! All about the murder!" I felt that my face was white, and that my hand shook, yet I hastily bought copies of half a dozen sheets, shoving them into my pockets.

The reports were mostly alike, exceedingly brief and unsatisfactory, except that they conveyed the impression that thus far the police possessed no real clue as to the perpetrator of the crime. No one connected with the meeting the night before was mentioned in any article, nor was any suspicion of such a meeting mentioned. I read the last line with a distinct feeling of relief, dropping the paper on the floor.

They had discovered no clue, nothing whatever to work upon. The interior of the car had yielded no evidence of its former occupant, the only reference being to mud on the floor. Outside all footprints had been obliterated by the falling rain. No one in the neighborhood had heard a sound, or witnessed any movement. The whole affair was shrouded in mystery.

What, under these conditions, was my duty? What could I either do, or say, to clarify this tragedy, and bring the guilty to justice? I sat there for an hour thinking and smoking, endeavoring to answer these queries. I could study out no clear way to any confession, which would not directly involve myself in the toils of the police, or else implicate Marie Gessler, so as to make any defense on her part almost impossible. No doubt she was guilty, yet I could not drive myself to openly charge her with the crime. There must be some extenuating circumstances, some unknown cause, which had led to the act. I could not forget her face, her manner, the clear, womanly look of her eye—she was no murderess, and it was not in my heart to denounce her as such. Besides, if I took this responsibility it would only serve to shield other crimes of more importance than the violent death of this Chilean revolutionary—the murder perhaps of many innocent victims, and the destruction of much valuable property. For Alva's death would hardly stop the plotting already on foot. The money was still here in New York ready to be used; the propagandists at Washington would never permit it to long lie idle. They would find somewhere another leader, and I alone seemed to be in a position to balk their hellish purpose. Perhaps it was even by their orders that Alva had thus been put out of the way. He had acted too slowly, and suspicion might have been aroused as to his real purpose. On every side I was assailed with doubts.

Yet, even if I held silent, I knew not in which direction to turn. I had apparently lost all touch with the girl. She had failed me completely—either by accident, or design. Her appointment with me had served to reveal only one fact which might prove of importance—247 Le Compte street was undoubtedly a link in the chain of the conspiracy; it was the home of Ivan Waldron. Once I told this discovery to Harris the way might be opened to closer investigation. But what had become of Harris? It was already approaching six o'clock, and the man had not telephoned me. Surely he must be aware by this time of the murder of Alva; the uselessness of seeking longer to find him alive. Was he also endeavoring to avoid me? was his purpose deceit? or had some suspicion arisen in his mind as to my really being Harry Daly?

Aroused by this possibility, and unable to remain quiet longer, I slipped a revolver from the depths of my bag into a coat pocket, and departed again

"They Tell Me You're Hunting Parker."

for Costigan's, determined to learn the truth. I approached the same bartender with whom I had spoken in the morning, and he must have recalled me at once, for, without answering my question, he turned and called out to a heavily set, red-faced fellow at the lower end of the bar.

"Dan, here is that guy who was asking for Parker. He ain't heard nuthin' from him."

The other came forward, elbowing his way roughly through the crowd and looked me searchingly in the face. "I'm Costigan," he said shortly. "They tell me you're hunting Parker. Did you have an appointment with him?"

"Yes; he was to meet me here this morning. Then I left a telephone number, but he hasn't called me."

"He ain't been back; that's the reason. Come along with me; I want a private word with you."

I followed him rather doubtfully, although his words and actions appeared friendly enough in a gruff way. He led the way to a closed door at the end of the bar, which, when opened, disclosed a small business office, containing merely a desk and two chairs. To his rather gruff invitation to sit down, I accepted one of these, chewing at the cigar between my teeth, and endeavoring to appear quite at ease. Costigan, after securing the door, seated himself at the desk, turning his swivel chair about so as to face me, his freckled hands on his knees.

"George told me about you this morning," he began. "At least I suppose you're the lad; your name Daly?"

I nodded, greatly relieved, but unwilling to trust my voice. The man did not know me; had no suspicion.

"Glad ter meet yer," and Costigan filled a pipe, and touched a match to the tobacco without removing his steady gaze from my face. "We never had no dealings together, but if yer tied up with George, it's quite likely we will have. He an' I hav' been pardners for a long while. He's a h—l of a good guy."

"We just run into each other accidentally," I explained, feeling that he expected me to say something. "Got onto the trail of the same boodle. He told you, I suppose?"

"No, he didn't. Just said he'd run onto you, and that you were liable to turn a trick together. George don't slop over; that ain't his style."

"But he spoke about me?"

"Well, yes, in a way. But it wa'n't no more than I told yer. He had to go out afore you got 'round, so he said you was comin', an' for me to be decent to yer whenever yer blowed in."

"How long was he to be gone?"

"That's what's got my goat," Costigan admitted grimly. "He said he'd be back in an hour, but he ain't showed up since, ner sent any word. I don't want to shove my nose into your affairs, but I'm gettin' a little nervous 'bout George, that's a fact."

Somehow the fellow gave me the impression of being square—honest according to his lights—and intensely loyal to his friends. Of course, I could not inform him as to the whole story, but it might be of benefit to give him some inkling of the situation.

"There's no harm, so far as I can see, in telling you a part of the plan, Mr Costigan," I replied slowly, endeavoring to guard my words carefully. "I know Harris has every confidence in you, so I'll take a chance. We're both on to a million-dollar pot—easy money, it looks like—"

"The h—l! that's some boodle!" excitedly leaning forward.

"It don't come every day. I'll not explain details, or how the two of us run together on the trail, and agreed to split the pot. That's our business, you'll admit."

"Sure; what was it? A bank job?"

"Better than that—South American revolution fund; coin sent over here from London to pay for arms, and maybe a murder or so. It is all in one bundle, and what we need to do is get our hands on it. We know where the stuff is, but we're still scouting around for a chance to grab it; it's locked up yet."

"I see. Ain't been handed over to the gink who's got to pay it out. That's what George is a-tracin' out now, I suppose?"

"No doubt that is what he started after this morning—shadowing the fellows to whom it was to be paid. What gets me is, why he doesn't return—the guy is dead."

"Judas Priest! How do you know that? What's happened?"

"Why, it's in all the papers; he was murdered last night over in Jersey City—stabbed through the back in an automobile. You saw it, didn't you?"

"H—l! that guy? He was a Chilean captain, or something. Yer don't think that maybe George bumped him off, do yer?"

"No; I know he didn't; Harris was with me all last evening."

"And you haven't any notion who did?"

I shook my head negatively. Costigan sat for some moments, his chin cupped in his huge fist, his pipe extinguished and his forehead creased in thought. Then he looked up suddenly, a strange light in his eyes.

"Say, Daly," he asked in a hoarse whisper, "do you know if there was a Russian Jew mixed up in this affair anywhere?"

Children Cry for Fletcher's

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over thirty years, has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher, and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic and Diarrhoea; allaying Feverishness arising therefrom, and by regulating the Stomach and Bowels, aids the assimilation of Food; giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Comfort—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher.

In Use For Over 30 Years

The Kind You Have Always Bought

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

To Waterproof Matches.

One of the commonest experiences of the camper is that of finding that matches are so damp that they will not strike. All this trouble may be avoided by providing oneself with waterproof matches. These are easily made in the following way; Melt a few lumps of candle wax in an old can on the stove. Allow this to cool a little and then, before it has set, dip the matches in, one at a time. Treat the heads and about half of the wooden part. Place the matches on one side to cool. Matches treated in this simple manner have been soaked in water for many hours, and they have ignited as readily as those which were perfectly dry. The only difference is that, in striking, it is needful to do so a trifle more firmly so as to get through the thin film of wax surrounding the head. When once the flame starts, the match burns very readily, owing to the wax which had adhered to the wood. Any ordinary matches can be treated in the manner described.—S. Leonard Bastin in St. Nicholas.

You Never Can Tell.

Guest (upon approaching his host's home in the suburb)—Ah, there are some of your family on the veranda. See if I can guess who they are. The girl in short dresses is your daughter, the young man in riding breeches is your son and the lady in the—er—tea gown is your charming wife.

Host—No, you are all wrong. The girl in the short dresses is my grandmother; the young fellow in riding breeches is my wife and the lady in the tea gown is my 10-year-old daughter, who likes to dress up in her great-grandmother's dresses.—Judge.

Proves Wisdom of Hesiod.

The many prove the wisdom of Hesiod, who says that the road to wickedness is smooth and very short, and there is no need of perspiring; but before virtue the immortal gods have placed the sweat of labor, and long and steep is the way thither, and rugged at first; but when you have reached the top, then, however difficult, it becomes easy.—Plato.

Extravagant Hope.

"I understand robbery is on the increase."

"I hope so," replied Bill the Burg. "Maybe in the course of time it'll become so fashionable that there'll be no use tryin' to enforce the laws agin it."

INDUSTRY LOST TO CANADA

Country Failed to Take Advantage of Ability to Build Tonnage for the High Seas.

Canadian shipbuilding dates from 1605 with the small vessels built at Port Royal (Annapolis) by Francois Grave, sailor from St. Malo. Seventy years later Interdent Talon's trading vessels are voyaging from Quebec to the West Indies and France—forerunners of those on the later triangular course—Canada to South America, Marseilles and return.

The year 1833 is the famous seamark when the Royal William, capacity 363 tons, left Pictou on August 29 and reached London in 25 days—the first ship to cross the ocean under no power but steam. Though this ship was built in Quebec, it was to Nova Scotia in the persons of the three Cunard brothers that the vision came. Steam power, however, was as yet a baby. In 1850, Mackenzie of Pictou astonished Glasgow with the Hamilton Campbell Kidston, the biggest sailing ship the Clyde had ever seen. In 1861 Nova Scotia was launching 300 vessels, and by 1880 eastern Canada building, sailing, owning and selling, had become one of the four greatest shipping districts of the world. For a period between these dates Canada headed the lists of tonnage in proportion to population.

It was not so much the use of steam that caused the decline as the change from wood to metal. Had Nova Scotia developed her metal industries a generation sooner, the 500 Canadian vessels, built in 1875, would surely not have dwindled to 29 in 1900.

EARTH NOT REALLY CROWDED

Trouble Is That Nature Has Not Seemed to Arrange a Division That Is Equitable.

Somebody has reckoned that if the earth's population had increased 4½ per cent every hundred years since the birth of Christ, by now there would not be standing room left on the globe, including all the islands. Yet England and Wales in ten years increased their population 101 per cent, and the increase in the United States has been much greater.

The earth's population at the present time is about sixteen hundred million. Different parts of the earth vary greatly in the matter of density of population. Certain portions of China, the Ganges valley, and parts of Europe are too crowded for comfort. On the other hand, large tracts of Central Asia, Russia, the Americas, Africa and Australia could accommodate many more people.

The Turks by their religious fanaticism have caused devastation in the last five hundred years in the valley of the Danube, in Macedonia, Asia Minor, Syria, and Mesopotamia. These countries, as a result of massacre and famine, are dried-up deserts.—Popular Science Monthly.

Use the Hours Wisely.

Many men whose time had never been turned to account until they were past 40 have still had enough left to accomplish great things in the world.

But these are the most sincere mourners for the years that might have been utilized.

If you will begin to-day to bear in mind that time cannot be hoarded, and that every hour of it should be converted into something that can be hoarded, you may lay the foundation for a fortune. You will certainly lay the foundation for happiness by and by.

Count your hours and allot each one to [illegible] profitable recreation. See that none of them slip by. They are as water through a mill, which, if sent over the wheel, creates valuable energy, but which spilled over the dam is gone forever.—John Blake, in Chicago Daily News.

Special Bargains

Fall and Winter Woolens.

Comprising the best goods and styles to be found in foreign or domestic fabrics at 6 per cent. less than our regular prices. This we do in order to make room for our Spring and Summer styles, which we will receive about Feb. 25. We guarantee the make-up of our goods to be the best and to give general satisfaction.

J. K. McLENNAN,

181 Thames Street

NEWPORT, R. I.

OLD PILOT HAPPY

Nick Durand Has Big Store of Pleasant Memories.

His Recollections Cover Thirty-Three Years of Splendid Service on the Ohio River Ferries.

With the snubby-nosed old ferry tied up to await its doom, the planks of the rotting wharf drifting wearily out with the current, Nick Durand, aid to eloping couples and for thirty-three years on one after another of the Ohio river craft, is left once more without a vessel.

At the time he shipped on the Shallcross in 1888, the river surged with steamboats, bound for Cincinnati with Mississippi molasses or nosing their way downstream to Vicksburg, loaded with butter and candle wicks. That was the time when the ferry boat plied to and fro with white decks and the tops of the wheelhouses painted blue, carrying every one from fuzzy-whiskered farmers to nurse girls in pink-dotted sunbonnets—for there was no bridge and the only crossing to be had was by way of the dock-apron and the gangplank.

Names of vessels scarcely remembered along the river slip from the pilot's tongue as he recounts tales gathered from thousands of trips he has made.

The Rainbow, the Gray Eagle, the Dreamland—in all that time, he boasts, although he has beaten his way back and forth through wind and fog and ice-clogged water, no serious accident has occurred.

With a chuckle, he tells of the couples that have made their way down the river front hand in hand and often coming aboard oblivious of passengers and staring deckhands—forgetting to pay their fare as they passed the little counter at the dock.

"Lor, yes, there's been a plenty of them," he smiles, wagging his chin. "You can tell 'em every time. They come down all eyes for each other, and none for anybody else. Usually they get off and get it over with as soon as possible, and when they come back they are more loving than ever, then they stand over in a corner unrolling the certificate to look at. How many? I couldn't tell—I expect some of them are famous by now, but I could never keep track of any."

During the years that Nick Durand has shipped on Ohio steamers, he has seen the river change from a heavily traveled thoroughfare to a mere alley way where an occasional paddle is seen. Before the building of the Big Four bridge at Louisville, the ferries came bobbing daintily across at 15-minute intervals, but after its construction the farmers and nurse girls drifted away, and for a time the ferry, staunch of hull, but frowsy of rigging came hobbling by like a ragged old woman, shaggy-browed and with skirts tucked in.

But Durand will not be long without a boat; he has already been engaged as pilot of the Pilgrim, which was retained by the owners, and is now being fitted out for slow, lingering sapphire days up the river.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

New Housing Idea in Rome.

Rome will become a city of odd appearance if the plans for the solution of the housing problem proposed by some Italian engineers are put in operation. The proposal is to build on the flat roofs of most of the buildings in Rome light houses of three and four stories.

The engineers have placed their ideas before Henry Colt MacClean, United States commercial attache to the American embassy. They have asked that American capital become interested in the project. The material for the whole of the scheme, according to the engineers' suggestions, would come from America because of the adaptability of American light construction methods in the choice of materials and means of assembling.

Mr. MacClean has succeeded in interesting several American business men in the project and other projects along the line of building construction in Rome.

Worse and Worse.

Two Scotchmen who, though good friends, were poles apart on politics, were discussing the doings of their local representative. Said one: "He sent me a brace of fine birds before election last year."

"Man," replied the other; "that was bribery."

"But," said the first speaker, "we couldna eat them; they were sae high we just had to threw them awa."

"Worse and worse," quoth his friend, "that was bribery and corruption."—Boston Transcript.

In style, as in other things, it is well always to aim at the combination of as many excellences as possible—opposite excellences, it may be—those other beauties of prose. A busy age will hardly educate its writers in correctness. Let its writers take time to write English more as a learned language; and completing that correction of style which had only gone a certain way in the last century, raise the general level of language towards their own.—Pater.

Established 1758

The Mercury.

Newport, R. I.

PUBLISHED BY MERCURY PUBLISHING CO.

Office Telephone 181
House Telephone 1010

Saturday, August 27, 1921

Reduction in hotel rates has got to come. Atlantic City is just now very much agitated on the subject. Some of the leading hotels have come down and others will have to follow.

Panama has concluded not to fight Costa Rica. Sec. Hughes told the children that they must not quarrel. If they did, Uncle Sam might spank them both. So peace reigns supreme in the Home of the Pigmy Republics.

Providence, Pawtucket, Central Falls and the surrounding towns are just now having a lively discussion over the responsibility for the mosquito pests which are now infesting those places. The probability is that the blame is mutual.

The Middletown correspondent of our esteemed contemporary, the Newport Herald, has "promoted" Major General James Parker to Reverend. The buck privates in the army might think there were very few generals or even second lieutenants who were entitled to be called "Reverend."

The son of a late resident of Brooklyn went up in an airplane over 3000 feet on Sunday to scatter the ashes of his late father over Long Island Sound, as per the request of that individual while living. The widow and two other children looked on to see that the job was well done.

It seems that the pond from which the Pawtuxet Valley villagers have got their drinking water has been used as the common bathing place for the urchins and grown-ups of that vicinity. This fact, which has lately been ventilated by the Providence Journal, does not set well on the stomachs of those who have been drinking this bathing water.

Massachusetts cities and towns pay some taxes if the rate is any indication. There is the would be—or was—city of Methuen with the rate of $40.30 on a $1000. No wonder the citizens of that burg wanted to do away with its city charter not long since. Attleboro has a rate of $32.90 on a $1000, Concord $34.00, Lexington $35.00, Reading $37.00, Revere $37.20, Medford $35.20, and so on.

Providence has a new Postmaster, and Little Compton a new Postmistress. Some of the politicians are asking when Newport is going to make a change. The present encumbent, who, by the way, has made a good Postmaster, has over a year longer to serve before his commission expires. If the political powers that be have picked out his successor, they have kept very quiet about it.

The American Institute of Meat Packers say that the bulk of meat supplies have declined in price so much that the price of beef is now less than it was five years ago. We very much fear that the retail merchants in this section of the country have not yet heard of that fact. It is a little singular how slow the retail dealer is in hearing of a reduction. The rise of a commodity oft times is heard when only the grumbling is wafted on the wind.

We are at last at peace with Germany. The treaty was signed by representatives of both nations on Wednesday. Diplomatic relations will be resumed at once. The document provides for the restoration of friendly relations and the immediate resumption of consular intercourse between the United States and Germany. It is a wise movement and would have been inaugurated long ago had it not been for the obstinacy of President Wilson.

Mr. James T. Freeman of East Greenwich, formerly a Providence engineer, has resigned from the State Penal Board, of which he had been a member for ten years. This makes three resignations in a brief space of time. The others were Thomas Rodman, chairman of the board, and Dr. John W. Keefe. It appears that there is much dissatisfaction over the management of affairs at the State institutions in Cranston, and more resignations may follow.

A bill has been introduced into Congress making it unlawful for the President at any time to absent himself from the territorial jurisdiction of the United States. This bill ought to have become a law before President Wilson spent a considerable part of his administration galavanting over Europe and trying to force his League of Nations upon an unwilling world. The bill further provides that the Vice-President shall take [illegible] the duties of the President [illegible] is away from Washington more than forty-eight hours, and if both are away the Speaker of the House shall assume all the powers and duties of the President during the interim.

EDUCATION AND CITIZENSHIP

The American people are expending upwards of $1,000,000,000 annually upon public schools. This vast sum is invested on the theory that you can not get good democratic government unless you have popular intelligence. Hence production of good citizenship should be the most important of our educational aims.

The faults of our system of government are obvious. It costs too much, there is too much favoritism and personal privilege, too little efficiency. But the fault is not with the system. It is primarily with the average citizen, in his lack of attention to civic duty, and in his tendency to be fooled by superficial arguments and self-seeking politicians. A generation of voters is needed who shall be better equipped to deal with the problems of government.

Some of the most important questions are not determined by the act of voting. The progress or lack of progress of a community depends largely upon whether a spirit of co-operation exists, and whether citizens show interest in promoting community causes. People need to learn that they are all partners in the joint enterprise of community development, and that they must take hold and work for the common good to make that enterprise a success.

To produce this mental attitude on the part of the people, you have to take them when they are young. It should be one of the most important tasks of a school to show the young people what the faults and defects of our federal, state and local governments are and how they can be remedied.

Also they should be shown that their own prosperity and welfare depends upon whether they are willing to take hold with their neighbors and work for the development of their home towns.

CONTROLLING THE SPEEDERS

There will never be sufficient police forces to hold the speeding automobilists in check. The scorchers may behave fairly well in towns when they see an officer, but when they get out on the roads their hog nature shows itself. Speeders will have to be checked by the action of the motoring public, who shall work to correct the excesses of those of their own number who show a wrong spirit.

The Automobile Legal Association of New England prints in its magazine a form of complaint which members of that society are supposed to use in reporting reckless drivers. On receiving such a complaint with the motorist's number the society remonstrates with him and urges him to co-operate in making the roads safe. A fellow who thus gets called down a few times begins to think.

The terrible disaster to the monster airship ZR-2, whereby forty-four persons lost their lives, is the worst of the many accidents that have ever happened in the attempt to navigate the air and shows conclusively that the time has not yet arrived when this method of transportation can be adopted with safety. This was the trial trip of the largest and most powerful ship of the air ever built. Every safety appliance possible in the control of man was adopted. The air-ship was ready for her flight from England to the United States, and was wrecked in mid-air over Hull, England, on Wednesday. Of her entire list of officers and men only five were saved. Seventeen Americans and twenty-seven Englishmen lost their lives. All were prominent men, veterans in the service, and many of them of high rank. Several of the men who lost their lives hailed from Massachusetts. Others from different parts of the country.

A fire of unknown origin which swept over the army front reservation at Hoboken, N. J., on Wednesday, came near burning the bodies of five hundred of the hero dead, just brought back from the battlefields of Europe, and landed at the pier. Fortunately, however, the bodies were removed to a place of safety before the fire reached them. There were in all some 5000 bodies of returned martyred soldiers which had just been brought back to this country. Many of them, however, had not been unloaded from the vessels, then lying at anchor, and were all fortunately removed to a place of safety.

A newspaper heading says that British Columbia has reduced the price of beer. This will only make the thirsty denizen of the United States more thirsty.

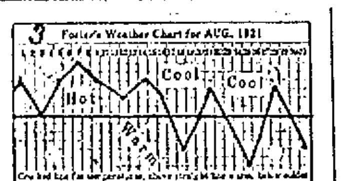
Congress has taken a thirty days' recess, leaving the entire Beer Bill, so called, and many other measures of importance slumbering safely in its files.

Rev. Julian D. Hamlin, rector of St. John's Church, and Mrs. Hamlin are enjoying their annual vacation.

Ice cold skimmed milk is now being distributed to the children of some of the city playgrounds, without charge.

Mrs. Charles C. Wells and two children of Greenport, L. I., have been visiting friends in this city.

Mrs. Phoebe Bradford Brown has sold her cottage at 7 Powel avenue to Mr. John J. Sullivan.



WEATHER BULLETIN

Washington, D. C., Aug. 27, 1921.

During early part of the week centering on Sept. 1 a high temperature wave will cover Alaska, all the northern Pacific slope, northern Rockies and northern plains sections, including British Columbia, Alberta, Saskatchewan and Manitoba, carrying with it the warmest weather of September. Following it will come one of the two most severe storms of the month with more than the average rainfall. The other severe storms of the month will hover around Sept. 13. The first storm of September will pass eastward in about four days, crossing meridian 90 near Sept. 1 and reaching Atlantic States about Sept. 4. I expect frosts near Sept. 4 east of Rockies in Canada and they may reach some of our northern middle states.

A week of severe storms and at least an average rainfall will begin near Sept. 8 and continue to at least include 15. These conditions promise good crop weather to large parts of this continent and will be favorable to at least two-thirds of the best winter grain sections of America and Canada. No great change of rain locations is expected, but a minor change will take effect not far from Sept. 2 that will be most favorable to the Pacific slope and will increase the rainfall to a less extent east of Rockies.

Dangerous storms are expected during the week centering on Sept. 13 and not far from Aug. 31. It will be well to be on the lookout for bad storms during the first half of September and plan your out doors work for last half of the month. Canada probably will get killing frosts during the week centering on Sept. 17 and our northern states during the week centering on Sept. 22. Severe storms and bad weather are also indicated for weeks centering on Oct. 3 and 24, Nov. 14 and 28, Dec. 29.

None expects the coming winter to average so warm as last winter. Coal dealers want you to believe that the coming winter will be extremely cold and there will be some severely cold winter weather, particularly last part of December, but I am expecting an average winter. The great change in location and amount of precipitation will occur in October. Not much change in the general amount of precipitation for America and Canada, but it will be better distributed. The most important change will be in the evaporation which has been excessive in eastern sections for several months. That excessive evaporation will disappear in October, after which the moisture that falls will remain in the soil and do much more good service than for several months previous. This matter of evaporation is of more importance than the amount of rain and should be worked out for each locality. The important thing to know for 1922 is the evaporation for each section and it can be definitely known.

Rev. and Mrs. John Howard Deming are enjoying a vacation in the White Mountains.

Jazz Records and Song Hits

A2830—$1.00
Fi Fo Fum—One Step
Dancing Honeymoon—Fox Trot

A2879—$1.00
Just Another Kiss—W
Ah There—Fox Trot

A2883—$1.00
Mohammed—Fox Trot
Afghanistan—Fox Trot

A2895—$1.00
Bo-La-Bo—Fox Trot
Venetian Moon—Fox Trot

A2598—$1.00
Kid from Madrid—Al Jolson
C-U-B-A—Kaufman

We ship Records all over the country.

PLUMMER'S MUSIC STORE
NEWPORT, R. I.

WEEKLY CALENDAR, JULY, 1921

STANDARD TIME.

	Sun rises	Sun sets	Moon rises	High Water Morn	High Water Eve
27 Sat	5 04	6 29	11 52	1 42	2 15
28 Sun	5 05	6 27	morn	2 26	3 17
29 Mon	5 06	6 26	0 24	3 46	[illegible] 15
30 Tues	5 07	6 21	2 56	4 42	5 11
31 Wed	5 08	6 22	3 31	5 36	6 02
1 Thurs	5 09	6 21	sets	6 26	6 52
2 Fri	5 10	6 19	6 28	7 15	7 41

New moon, August 3rd, 3:19 evening
1st Quarter, August 10th, 9:13 morning
Full moon, August 15th, 10:29 morning
Last Quarter, August 26th, 7:52 morning

Deaths.

In this city, 15th inst., Mary M., wife of Eugene Sullivan.

In this city, August 19, Michael Harrington.

Suddenly, in New Bedford, Mass., 22d inst., Walter F., son of Catherine and the late Peter Leonard.

In [illegible], 21st inst., [illegible]

In [illegible], 23d inst., Frank Earl, son of Frank E. and [illegible]

[illegible] Bradford [illegible]

[illegible] Aug. 21, [illegible]

[illegible] in his 53d year.

BLOCK ISLAND

Seine Crew Organizes

Gene Rose (Sol Jacobs II) and his lucky twelve have just organized for the fall mackerel season at Sandy Point. Three new seines have been purchased as well as two new dories. Within a few days it is expected that carpenters will be at work enlarging the camp quarters at the Point.

The Bottled in Bond club held a brief executive session last Monday afternoon in the middle chamber of their retreat at Sunny Brook Court. J. J. Burns was elected a life member. During the afternoon Jerry Littlefield rendered several vocal selections and Cranston Sprague entertained with a number of toasts.

The regular monthly meeting of the town council will be held on Tuesday, September 6th, in the council chamber at the town hall. Monday being Labor Day, the executive session has been put over until the next day.

Mr. and Mrs. William F. Corkum of Walpole, Mass., spent the past week-end with their daughter, Mrs. F. Earle Lockwood, at her residence on Main street.

The local telephone operators were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Ball at dinner at the Ocean View last Sunday evening.

Rev. and Mrs. A. Herford of Pascoga are visiting friends on Block Island. Dr. Herford will conduct the Sunday evening service at the Center Methodist Church this week.

Death of William Campbell

William Campbell, for the past seventeen years in charge of the stables connected with the New National Hotel, died suddenly in the Newport Hospital last Wednesday evening at 7 o'clock.

Mr. Campbell was taken ill last Sunday afternoon and his condition became so grave on Monday that shortly after midnight he was taken across to Newport by Capt. Jack Millikin on the Helene M. Owing to a weak heart an operation was out of the question and his recovery was despaired of from his arrival, according to Dr. Stewart.

Mr. Campbell, who was well known by the leading horsemen of the State, was greatly respected and held in high esteem by all of the hotel men on Block Island. His death is keenly felt by Senator R. G. Lewis, with whom he had been employed for the past 17 years, as well as by a host of friends all over the Island.

Edwin M. Wilson of Pontiac, Miss Hazel Dow of Eden Park, and Miss Elizabeth Dow of Worcester have been guests of Mr. and Mrs. Malcom Rose the past week.

Operators Entertained

The telephone operators from the local exchange were entertained at a lobster supper on Wednesday evening by Hugh McKenna of the Commercial Department from Providence. Vocal selections were rendered by Arthur Rose and Henry Dodge.

Mr. Thomas B. Tanner, Jr., is visiting his parents on Hope street.

IS GOLF REALLY IRISH GAME?

Suggestion Put Forward, With Some Evidence, by Correspondent of New York Herald.

Writing to the New York Herald, a devotee of the "royal game" puts the query "Is golf, after all, an Irish game?"

In asking the question it is done with respect and reverence; in no sense to disturb the settled ease and mental poise and satisfaction of ye good Scot or Briton. Why the suggestion, however? Simply this: Ireland was the first of the islands to be reclaimed from Druidism and converted to Christianity. That was in the early Fifth century. After that Scotia or Scotland became Christian—the Sixth century; England in the Eighth and Germany in the Ninth century, and all following and through Irish missionaries. True also that the Scotch and Irish were practically all Celt and one people then and all friendly. Now, then, it is of the old Irish folk-lore that St. Patrick at the famous Druid feast showed (1) that the leg of a bird was larger than a quarter of beef (2) that a dog could kill the bird, and (3) that three leaves could jointly subsist on one stem, and at that feast "there were feats of strength and art all round," and among the games was the game of "Nine Holes."

That was the first mention of the nine hole game, of course. It was so played in Ireland for centuries. It was the putting of the ball into each hole of the nine as laid out in the course. Therefore, the question: Was that game the forerunner of its kind in the world, and if so was it the forerunner or keystone of golf?

AIR LIFEBOAT BRITISH IDEA

Craft Designed for Sea Rescue Work Is Soon to Be Given a Definite "Tryout."

The first lifeboat of the air, which has been built with great secrecy, is to be launched soon in England.

After the official trials it will go through a series of tests with the British fleet. If it proves to be satisfactory, a large number of the craft on a much larger scale will be constructed.

The design is the outcome of three years of secret research and tests. The flying lifeboat will be able to reach a vessel in distress at a speed of more than 100 miles an hour, and it is claimed that it will be able to ride through the roughest storm with the confident safety of an Atlantic liner. The boats are able to taxi along the water.

Their seaworthiness is to be tested by sending the first experimental ship out with the navy, where it is to remain at sea for several days without any "mother ship."

The wing span of the one now being completed is [illegible] feet. [illegible] strikes an obstacle on the road.

THE TRAVELLER BY RAIL

The summer season leads a multitude of people to travel around from place to place, but not everyone seems to enjoy his experiences on the rail. Many persons seem to feel that a journey is a tedious and uncomfortable experience. They grumble at dust and poor ventilation and heat and crampled positions, and other familiar irritations.

Many of these bored people fortify themselves for the rigors of a journey by buying illustrated magazines and trashy stories with which to spend their entire time, regardless of the panorama spread before their eyes by the moving train.

Other people are so interested by unfamiliar sights that discomforts are minimized. They are not anxious to reach their journey's end. Like one cheerful lady, they may even dislike to travel on express trains, since the latter whisk you along so fast through towns that you get no chance to see how people live and what places look like. They are glad to linger a little longer along the route, and find the time pleasantly spent in viewing the operations of agriculture or the development of industries.

The person interested in civic progress will see public improvements in the communities through which he passes. Business men secure glimpses of other people's methods and get suggestions as to where goods can be bought and sold. Farmers will see how other people handle their crops. People get an idea of the resources and opportunities of the sections through which they pass.

Human nature is always a fasci-

MOTOR TRUCKS VERSUS RAILROADS

Mr. Edward G. Riggs, executive assistant of the N. Y., N. H. & H. R. R. Co., has an interesting article in a late number of the Forum on the above subject, from which we take a few pertinent extracts. He says:

The high freight rates of the railroads, made necessary by the great increases in materials and wages, have struck a deadly blow at the very profitable short haul business of the railroads. The auto trucks are getting it. At the end of January the total idle freight cars on all the railroads was conservatively estimated at 400,000, and the number has been steadily increasing ever since. It is now over 475,000.

Statistics for 1920 show that motor trucks carried more tonnage than either inland waterways or interurban trolley lines. Motor transport now ranks second only to rail transportation. In less than ten years' time motor transportation has grown from nothing to its present prominence.

There is no question but that the heavy truck is responsible for the greater share of the damage done to state highways each year and so the question arises: Are we going to subsidize the heavy duty truck as against the railroads and the community at large, or are we going to compel them to pay their way?

The care exercised by the railroads in taking care of their right-of-way and countenancing no destructive practices sets an example for truck operators. Tests recently completed by the Bureau of Public Roads show that a truck travelling at the rate of 15 miles an hour exerts twice the force on the road as when traveling at the rate of six miles per hour. By overloading trucks for travel over roads not built to carry the extra weight the owner is destroying a piece of public property and invites the severe criticism of citizens of the community.

A few questions, therefore, naturally arise out of the acute situation. Are we going to pay doubly for the poor earnings of the eastern railroads? They are now competing with trucks for the freight business of the East. Are these trucks running on free roadbeds and escaping an upkeep cost that will later be borne by taxpayers? The trucks have caused serious damage to the best paying freight business of Eastern railroads because they have the advantage of good roads now. We hear complaints, however, from road commissioners, who are particularly bitter against the larger trucks. Will our highways and railroads both go to ruin together?

INDUSTRIAL NEW ENGLAND

(Boston Herald)

Southern New England, including the three smallest states in the Union, except Delaware, in the last decade gained faster in population than the country as a whole, while during the five-year period ending with 1919 the value of New England's products increased 145 per cent., the value added by manufacture showed a gain of 154 per cent., the amount of primary horse-power went up a fifth and the number of persons engaged in manufacturing made a gain of a little more than a fifth. Massachusetts in 1820 was seventh in population of the twenty-seven states then in the Union, today Massachusetts is the sixth in population of the forty-eight states; during the five-year period, 1914-1919, Massachusetts, in spite of the most aggressive competition in her industrial history, gained in her percentage of the total output of the country in textiles, rubber shoes, confectionery, printing and publishing, tanning and curing of leather, and several other lines. Rhode Island went well above the national average in her industrial gains and Connecticut gained a fourth in population in ten years and showed a rate of industrial gain only exceeded by that of her [illegible] neighbor over her western boundary.

The fact is that the states, which of late years have shown greater gains than those made here in New England, [illegible]

[illegible] Narragansett Bay [illegible] and in Georgia [illegible]

BOSTON MARKET REVIEW

Week Ending August 19th, 1921.

(Prepared by U. S. Bureau of Markets and Crop Estimates).

DAIRY AND POULTRY PRODUCTS.

The month of August usually brings a dull market, weather conditions, the vacation season, and earlier advances in prices frequently making dealers consider trade exceptionally dull, and so far this year has not been an exception.

Statistically, the butter market appears in a strong position, but trade has slowed up, dealers have used stocks purchased on a lower market, and actual business has been very light so prices have had to go lower to clean up. Most all grades have shared in the decline, cooler weather bringing more fine butter and this selling off 1-2c to 43-45c, and undergrades going to 37-40c.

More of the holders of egg stocks are trying to realize on their investment, and with a good profit in view, many are inclined to sell now rather than chance the long season, so the more free offerings have resulted in an easier market and a decline. The finest marks suitable for hennery trade have gone slightly higher to 60-60c, but this appears extreme. Medium grades have dropped to 33-35c for firsts, 26-30c for seconds and around 40c for graded lines.

Poultry prices have held their own all week. Chickens are more plentiful, still going at 45-55c as to quality, broilers have held at 40-45c, and good fowl have sold well at 38-41c. Roosters still bringing 20c.

FRUITS AND VEGETABLES.

Trading was unusually quiet, and there was a very little buying demand even at the low prices at which some lines were offered. There were practically no price advances, and several important lines, including sweet corn, cucumbers, potatoes, sweet potatoes and tomatoes, were lower.

Native Gravensteins apples were steady at $1.50-3.00 and Williams at $2.00-3.50 a bushel. Maine unclassified Williams brought $5.50-7.00 a barrel.

Native green and wax beans were unchanged at $1.00-2.25 and shell beans at $1.00-1.25 a bushel. Maine and Nova Scotia blueberries brought 25-30c a quart, while most native berries sold a nickel lower.

Native bunched beets were unchanged at 40-50c and bunched carrots at 65c-$1.00 a bushel. Sweet corn was 25c lower, selling at 50-75c a bushel for white and 50-55c for yellow.

Native cucumbers were $1.50 lower at $1.00-3.50 a bushel. A car of New York state cucumbers arrived Friday and brought $1.50 a bushel basket.

Native lettuce was dull at 25c-$1.00 a bushel. Connecticut Valley onions were firm at mostly $3.00 per 100 lbs. sack, while native onions brought $1.25-1.35 a bushel.

Potatoes were plentiful and lower, New Jersey Cobblers selling $3.25-3.60 per 100 lbs. sack. The first car of Maine potatoes arrived Tuesday and sold at $3.50 per 100 pounds, but later in the week the price fell to $3.30.

Native tomatoes sold at less than half of last week's prices, closing at 75c-$1.25 a bushel. Norfolk turnips were $1.00 lower at $2.50-3.00 per 150 pound sack. The quality was ordinary as a result of the dry weather in July.

The only robbery reported to the police during the whole Plymouth Tercentenary celebration took place on Saturday evening during the pageant hours, when the home of Mrs. John Jordon and Miss Lizzie F. Morton on Sandwich st. was entered and a gold watch, some jewelry and a sum of money was taken.

Testimony offered at a hearing before Deputy Health Commissioner P. H. Mullowney on a petition of the Italy-Boston Importing Company for a poultry slaughter house at 77-79 Fulton street, Boston, brought out the fact that licenses issued without charge by the health department for such places are worth $20,000 to the holders. Dr. Mullowney declared that the negotiations leading to the petition constituted a "hold-up."

Secretary of War Weeks has ordered that seven army cantonments be vacated as soon as practicable after Sept. 1, and the surplus buildings sold. In the last six weeks the army has been reduced by more than 62,000 men and the total number of enlisted men is now approximately 155,000. He added that there are sufficient applications on hand to make up the additional 5000 reduction necessary to bring up the army to the 150,000 mark. The seven cantonments ordered vacated are: Camp Devens, Massachusetts; Camp Sherman, Ohio; Camp Pike, Arkansas; Camp Grant, Illinois; Camp Jackson, South Carolina; Camp Bragg, North Carolina, and Camp Meade, Maryland.

The Boston city election commissioners have received for preliminary certification two initiative petitions of Simon Swig and others for changes in the state banking laws. The first petition was for a law to provide that a depositor of a savings bank or of any savings institution having no shareholders shall be a member of the corporation with the right to vote at meetings of the corporation, to hold office therein and to enjoy the other privileges of membership in such a corporation. The other petition was for a law to establish a "depositors' guarantee fund" in order "to conserve, protect and guarantee savings deposits." This would provide that trust companies and other savings institutions shall pay to the state treasurer an assessment equal to 1 per cent of the average daily savings deposits, such assessment to be payable at the rate of one-fourth of 1 per cent a year until the total of 5 per cent is paid.

The action against the directors of the Cosmopolitan Trust Company, Boston, by Bank Commissioner Allen is the first suit of its kind to be instigated by a bank commissioner in Massachusetts. It is also the largest. If successful it will probably allow the settlement of all claims on a basis of [illegible] cents on the dollar in both savings and commercial departments. [illegible] that the suit is the forerunner of others against the boards of directors of other financial institutions [illegible] in the hands of the bank commissioner.

[illegible]

MISS MARY O'TOOLE

Judge Municipal Court District of Columbia

Miss Mary O'Toole, leader in civic affairs and law at Washington, who was appointed by President Harding to be a judge of the municipal court of the District of Columbia.

U. S. STEEL AGAIN CUTS LABORER'S PAY

Wage Reductions Since May 1 Now Equals 40 Per Cent for These 110,000 Workers.

New York.—The United States Steel Corporation, through Chairman Elbert H. Gary, announced a cut of 10 per cent in the wages of laborers, to become effective August 29.

This brings the rate, which prior to last May was 46 cents an hour, down to 30 cents, and, taken with the elimination of time and one-half pay for overtime last July, is equivalent to a cut of 40 per cent from the May high level.

"Other wages and salaries," Mr. Gary said, would "be equitably adjusted." though in what manner and to what extent was not disclosed.

On the basis of 30 per cent of production on which the corporation is now operating, it is estimated that 110,000 men are affected.

"In view of the prevailing low selling prices of steel as compared to costs of production," said Mr. Gary in announcing the wage cut, "it is necessary to make reductions in wage rates and therefore we will recommend to subsidiary companies that the general rates of day labor be decreased to 30 cents an hour to become effective Monday, August 29, and that other wages and salaries be equitably adjusted."

The cut is the third since May 16. On that date a 20 per cent reduction was made. Sixty days later it was announced that overtime, which had hitherto been paid at the rate of time and one-half, would be paid for as straight time. This was the equivalent of about 10 per cent.

Labor leaders when told of the cut expressed regret, coupled with doubt, that it would be followed by any labor trouble at this time because of present conditions in the industry.

WORLD NEWS IN CONDENSED FORM

BELGRADE.—The Jugo-Slav national assembly has decided to commemorate the late King Peter by designating him "Peter the Great, the Liberator," and to erect a monument to him.

BOSTON.—The name of Norman Prince, founder of the famous Lafayette Escadrille, who lost his life in the war, was given to a square in the heart of the financial district. The square is formed by the junction of State, Devonshire and Congress streets.

LONDON.—Outside of Japan, Spain is now the heaviest purchaser of aircraft in Europe.

NEW YORK.—Clues that will lead to the arrest of members of the "murder trust" responsible for 87 killings in this city, Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago and other places have been given the police in confessions by three of the seven of the now indicted band. The headquarters of the band is in Italy.

LONDON.—Great Britain formally notified the United States that it cannot recognize power of this country beyond the three mile limit fixed by international law in connection with the seizure of the British schooner Marshall 12 miles off the New Jersey coast.

DAWSON, Y. T.—Sourdoughs, who headed the famous gold rush to the Klondike in '96, gathered here from far and near to celebrate the Yukon's twenty-fifth birthday.

BERLIN.—The Berlin Bourse has temporarily suspended because of the [illegible] high pressure of enormous speculation.

CINCINNATI.—J. S. Crowell, former owner of the Crowell Publishing Company, Springfield, publishers of the Woman's Home Companion and Farm and Fireside, died here in a hospital. He had been ill with cancer for many [illegible]

[illegible] special meeting the the Law- [illegible] city council, the members [illegible] the eight pieces of property [illegible] Oak streets as a site [illegible] to the high school The [illegible] were [illegible] at [illegible] will cost well over [illegible]

ANSELL HEADED BERGDOLL PLOT

Hunt and Cresson Also Accused in Majority Report of Conspiracy in Pot-of-Gold Flight.

MINORITY CRITICISES HIM

Ansell the "Master Mind"—As "Dominating and Controlling Spirit" He "Must Have Conceived Plan," Report Says—Bitter Partisan Fight.

Washington.—Prospects of bitter personal fights in Congress appeared as a result of the majority report on the escape of Grover C. Bergdoll by the House Investigating Committee. The majority report held the escape of the notorious Philadelphia slacker was "the direct result" of the request made in his behalf by Samuel T. Ansell, formerly acting judge advocate general of the United States Army, that he be permitted to go on the now-famous "pot-of-gold" expedition.

As attorney for Bergdoll while he was a military prisoner at Governors Island, New York, Mr. Ansell made that request of Brigadier General Peter C. Harris, Adjutant general of the army. In as far as General Harris granted the request, as shown by the testimony, the majority report charges him with "the primary responsibility for the situation which made possible the escape."

After the two reports, covering together fifty-five pages, were presented to the house, Mr. Ansell made a public statement bitterly attacking those who signed the majority report. His statement was supplemented by another from George Chamberlain, formerly senator from Oregon, now a member of the United States Shipping Board, who expressed regret at the majority report of the Investigating Committee and defended "the high character of General Ansell."

The action of the house on the reports admits of complications because the majority report was prepared by Representative Johnson, Democrat, of Kentucky, and signed not only by Representative Flood of Virginia, the other Democratic member of the committee, but also by Representative Luhring of Indiana, Republican member of the committee. The minority report, prepared by Representative Peters of Maine, chairman of the committee, was signed by the remaining Republican member, Representative McArthur of Oregon.

In view of these facts and the close relation of Mr. Ansell to several recent Congressional fights which assumed at times a partisan character, there are grounds to believe that the house may not adopt the majority report.

The findings in the majority report, as summarized, are:

Samuel T. Ansell, who as an attorney obtained the War Department's permission for the release of Bergdoll from prison so that he might dig up an alleged pot of gold, should be debarred from practice "before any departments, any court-martial and in any court of the nation."

Colonel John E. Hunt, who, the report alleged, allowed Bergdoll to leave prison without proper guard, should be discharged from the retired list of the army.

Earl B. Wood, of the Department of Justice, should be removed from the federal service because he failed to warn the War Department that Bergdoll was planning to escape. Information to this effect came to Wood a month before Bergdoll made his "get-away," the report alleges.

Colonel C. C. Cresson is sharply criticized on the ground that he made a weak prosecution of Colonel Hunt in a court-martial after the escape.

Major Bruce Campbell, military counsel for the slacker, who, Mrs. Bergdoll charges, asked for $100,000 from her and obtained $5,000 "to fix higher-ups" so that her son might be released, was exonerated completely.

The Alien Property Custodian was commended for his seizure of the Bergdoll property, and he is urged to take steps to force Mrs. Bergdoll to produce the $100,000 in gold which she says she buried.

SEEK CAUSE OF FARM WOES

Joint Commission to Investigate Agricultural Depression at Once.

Washington.—A preliminary report of its investigation into agricultural depression will be made within the next thirty days by the joint congressional commission, Representative Anderson (Minn.), its chairman, announced in this city.

A final report as to causes of the depression and suggesting remedies therefor will be made December 1 or as soon thereafter as possible.

BRITISH NAVY TO EQUAL BEST

Lloyd George States Consensus of Imperial Conference.

London.—The British empire must have a naval force equal to that of any other country, Lloyd George said in the house of commons in making his long expected statement regarding the decisions of the recent imperial conference.

"It was agreed that the British navy must be second to none," Lloyd Gerge said. The premier's remarks were greeted with loud cheers.

[illegible] home of a prominent minister [illegible] Prohibition En- [illegible] Wilson seized a [illegible] that [illegible] a test of [illegible] The wine, the [illegible] came from "[illegible] in Michigan," and was [illegible] sacramental uses.

JUDGE ERNEST SMITH

Ruled Len Small Was Not Immune to Arrest

Judge Ernest Smith of Springfield, Ill., who ruled that Len Small, the indicted governor, was not immune to arrest and prosecution.

BATTLESHIP IS STILL SUPREME IN FLEET

Development of Aircraft Has but Added to Complexity of Naval Welfare.

Washington.—"The battleship is still the backbone of the fleet and the bulwark of the nation's defense. The airplane has added to the dangers to which battleships are exposed, but has not made the battleship obsolete. The development of aircraft has but added to the complexity of naval warfare."

This, in effect, is a summary of the report to the secretaries of war and navy by the joint board on the bombing tests held recently off the Virginia Capes. The report gives the airplanes and airships full credit for performing splendid work in the tests, but insists that the development so far of air aircraft has not furnished even an economical instrument of war leading to the abolition of the battleships. The report is signed by General Pershing as senior member of the board.

In this connection, however, the board says: "Aircraft carrying high capacity high explosive bombs of sufficient size can sink or seriously damage any naval vessel at present constructed provided such projectiles can be placed in the water close alongside the vessel

"Furthermore, it will be difficult, if not impossible, to build any type of vessel of sufficient strength to withstand the destructive force that can be obtained with the largest bombs that airplanes may be able to carry from shore bases."

The report adds that "the aviation and ordnance experiments have proved that it has become imperative as a matter of national defense to provide for the development of aviation.

"They have proved also the necessity for aircraft carriers of the maximum size and speed to supply our fleet with the offensive and defensive power which aircraft provide. It is likewise essential that anti-aircraft armament be developed."

LATEST EVENTS AT WASHINGTON

A long and bitter deadlock between the senate and the house over the method of permitting use of beer and wine for medicine seems assured. Determination to scuttle the Stanley amendment forbidding search and seizure without warrant has made prolonged controversy inevitable and acrimonious.

A new national forest area of between 500,000 and 700,000 acres at the head of the Allegheny river has been decided upon by representatives of the United States Forest Service and the Pennsylvania State oFrestry Department.

Appointment of William J. Burns of New York, famous as a detective, as director of Bureau of Investigation of the department of justice, was announced by Attorney General Daugherty. The position pays $7,500 a year. He succeeds William J. Flynn, who has been at the head of the secret service for a long time.

The most bitter personal attack witnessed by the senate in recent years was made by Senator Reed on Representative Volstead, author of the prohibition enforcement act, and Wayne B. Wheeler, general counsel for the Anti-Saloon League.

Retail food prices increased 2.7 per cent in July over June, while wholesale foodstuffs advanced 1.5 per cent and wholesale farm products 1.76 per, the Department of Labor announced.

President Harding received a delegation from the National League of Women Voters, who asked that one of their sex be placed on the American delegation to the disarmament conference.

Budget Director Dawes and Chairman Madden of the Appropriations Committee would eliminate deficiency appropriations.

A swordfish weighing 515 pounds without its head, said to be the largest ever caught off the Georges bank, was brought to Boston by the fishing schooner Higco. The captain reported that it took the crew nine hours to bring the monster aboard the vessel

TAX REVISION BILL PASSES IN HOUSE

Fifty Republicans Join Democrats in Vain Move to Recommit the Measure.

CUT OF $818,000,000 CLAIMED

Proposed Tax Investigating Commission Only Committee Amendment Which Fails—Measure Will Raise $3,363,000,000.

Washington.—The House, by a vote of 274 to 125, passed the revenue bill which revises the war revenue laws to raise in taxation about $3,366,000,000 so as to reduce taxes $818,000,000 to 1923.

Representative Garner, in behalf of the Democrats, moved to recommit the bill in order to cut out the provision repealing the present surtaxes, which range as high as 76 per cent. The motion was rejected by a vote of 230 to 169.

Fifty Republicans deserted their party and joined with the Democrats on this motion, while only one Democrat, Campbell of Pennsylvania, refused to follow his party. Republican leaders expected a larger desertion because of the appeal made by the American Federation of Labor, which called upon all members friendly to labor to fight against the repeal of the excess profits taxes and the income reduction. At least half a dozen of the Republicans, including Representatives Burke of Pennsylvania and Nolan of California, are credited with having supported the appeal of organized labor.

The Republicans who voted for the motion to recommit the tax bill were:

Andrews, Barbour, Beck, Browne (Wis.), Burke, Burtness, Cable, Christopherson, Clague, Cooper (Wis.), Davis (Minn.), Dowell, Frear, Gahn, Gorman, Hoch, Hull, Keller, Kelly (Pa), Ketcham, King, Kleczka, Knight, Kopp, Lampert, Little, Luce, Michaelson, Murphy, A. D. Nelson (Wis.), J. M. Nelson (Wis.), Nolan, Perlman, Ramseyar, Robison, Rosenbloom, Ryan, Schall, Sinclair, Speaks, Stafford, Steenerson, Strong (Kan.), Swing, Voight, Volk, Volstead, Woodruff, Young, Zihlman.

The three Democrats who voted for the bill on final passage were Campbell of Pennsylvania and Dupre and Lazaro of Louisiana. Nine Republicans who opposed it were Beck of Wisconsin, Keller of Minnesota, Michaelson of Illinois, J. M. Nelson of Wisconsin, Sinclair of North Dakota, Voight of Wisconsin, Woodruff of Michigan, Clague of Minnesota and Lampert of Wisconsin.

All amendments to the bill not offered by the Ways and Means Committee were rejected, and one committee amendment, that to establish a tax-investigating commission, failed. Advocates of this proposal are expected to urge its insertion in the bill by the senate.

The amendments adopted reduced the tax on cereal beverages to 4 per cent; repealed the 5 per cent tax on baseballs, golf balls and footballs and such equipment; reduced the tax on yachts from 10 to 5 per cent and repealed the tax on motor boats less than thirty-two feet.

The only important departure from the original intentions of the committee and the Republican leaders was the decision to repeal the excess profits taxes and reduce the income surtaxes next January. The original bill provided that these should become effective as of January 1 last, but a Republican caucus forced the committee to make the repeal and reduction begin January, when there will be a 12½ per cent corporation tax substituted for the repeal of the excess profits tax.

All insurance companies, except fraternal, were placed under the corporation tax of 12½ per cent and the manufacturers' tax of 5 per cent on cosmetics and toothpaste was repealed.

Representative Garner of Texas opened the discussion by charging that the bill would put the burden of taxation on the poor and reduce the taxes of the rich. He said that would be accomplished by the repeal of the excess profits taxes and the reduction on income surtaxes.

A hollow cushion in an automobile held up by revenue authorities at Burlington, Vt., yielded 75 quarts of Canadian whiskey. The car bore a Quebec license number and, according to officials, appeared to have been fitted up especially for liquor smuggling.

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FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC CAKES A SPECIALTY

INDIVIDUAL ICES AND SHERBETS

All Orders Promptly Attended to

CHOICE CANDIES MADE DAILY

TELEPHONE CONNECTION

All Goods Are Pure Absolutely

The Hawthorne Community Association was incorporated in Portland, Me., the purpose of the corporation being to preserve the boyhood home of Nathaniel Hawthorne in Casco.

The plant of the Strathmore Paper Company at Mittineague and Woronoco, Mass., closed for several weeks, the date of reopening to depend mainly on business conditions. The company employs 600 hands.

Massachusetts Institute of Technology will receive $1,000,000 and Wellesley college $500,000 from the estate of Francis Appleton Foster of Weston, Mass., director of several textile mills, who died recently according to the will filed in Cambridge.

Decrees of sale of the assets of the East Coast Fisheries Company and the East Coast Fisheries Products Company to a reorganization committee have been issued by Judge Hale in the United States district court, Portland, Me. The committee is to pay $131,122 to the receivers for the fisheries company, releasing upon delivery of the property the claim of the I. M. Taylor Company, Inc., against the company of $269,294. It will pay to the receivers for the fisheries products company $269,264.

"$" DISPLACES "£"

Italian Lira to Be Based on Dollar Instead of Pound Sterling.

Rome.—The ministry of commerce announced that hereafter the gold dollar will replace the pound sterling as the standard upon which the Italian gold lira is based.

Bankers in touch with finance in Europe have lately stated the opinion that "gold contracts" in Europe will be increasingly quoted on the basis of the American dollar. The practice had already been widely adopted.

MARSHAL SELLING CIGARS

Austrian Generalissimo Reduced to Keeping Tobacco Shop.

Budapest.—From field marshal to proprietor of a cigar store tells the story of Herman von Koevess' fortunes since the war. He was the last generalissimo of the Austro-Hungarian forces and had received the highest military citations for heroism in many battles, but he lost his entire property when a portion of eastern Hungary was turned over to Roumania, according to the peace treaty.

Anders Gustaf Anderson, aged 63, of Worcester, Mass., died in Memorial Hospital from burns he suffered in the South Works of the American Steel & Wire Co. when he fell into a vat of hot oil into which wire is dipped in process of manufacture. Fellow employes of Anderson did not know he was in the vat until attracted by his cries.

Overseer of the Poor Cummings will shortly ask the Providence City Government for authority to re-establish the city woodyard, which was discontinued a year ago last Spring. The overseer says that never during his long incumbency of the office have so many able-bodied men presented themselves for assistance at the city yard at this season as at present.

Maine's longest bridge is to be repaired. This is the Wiscasset-Edgecomb bridge of 3333 feet. F. W. Carleton of Bath has been awarded the contract by the State Highway Commission for $39,510. He promises to complete the repairs in 10 weeks, while a Massachusetts firm, who bid for the job asked $54,836 and wanted 200 working days for the job.

The schooner Mayflower built by a Boston syndicate as a contender for the right to represent the United States in the international fishermen's race at Halifax in October, has been formally entered for the elimination trials. It was the first entry made with the American race committee. The trials will be held off the Massachusetts coast beginning Oct. 1.

J. J. Woolley Camp, Spanish War Veterans, Pawtucket, R. I., has started a campaign with the object of insuring the display of only one flag in parades, and that flag the American. The endeavor is being made to have other patriotic organizations unite with the camp. The Novelty Park Club and Maj. Walter G. Gatchell Post, Veterans of Foreign Wars, have seconded the effort.

How would you like to pay $100 a case for seven cases of gin and discover after it was in the cellar that it was nothing but [illegible] [illegible] That is what [illegible] [illegible]

CONDENSED CLASSICS

OUR MUTUAL FRIEND

By CHARLES DICKENS

Condensation by Alfred S. Clark

A SINISTER bird of prey seemed Jesse Hexam, crouched in the stern of a dirty rowboat, his eyes fixed upon the broad waters of the Thames, his arms bare, his hair matted, his clothes mud-begrimed. Twilight deepened the shadows cast by the huddled buildings of London, but his gaze did not swerve. His daughter, a girl of twenty, rowing in obedience to his nods, regarded him with a fascinated dread. Suddenly he stiffened; the bird of prey had sighted the quarry. A few minutes later behind the boat a body bobbed and tangled. Hexam had found another corpse, the pockets of another drowned soul to rifle. It was this grisly livelihood that was reflected in the frightened eyes of Lizzie Hexam.

The story of that find was to be talked about in drawing rooms; in dingy homes along the waterside and in the comfortable bar of the Six Jolly Fellowship-Porters; in the musty shop of Mr. Venus where skeletons leaped out of corners as the fire brightened; in Boffin's Bower behind which rose the dust-mounds that had created the Harmon fortune. For the body was identified as that of John Harmon, returned to England to claim a fortune of $500,000, left him by an eccentric father upon condition that he wed a girl whom he had never seen.

John Harmon was decreed dead and the fortune came to Nicodemus Boffin. He remained the same unaffected and lovable man he had been in the past when he was foreman in charge of the dust heaps. They were singularly happy, were Mr. and Mrs. Boffin. Men and women laughed at their oddities but never with malice. Commonplace as they were, there was a sterling worth to them.

Eager to atone for his lack of schooling, Mr. Boffin hired Silas Wegg, wooden-legged vendor of sweets and ballads, to read aloud Gibbon's story of Rome. His eyes popped with astonishment as Wegg plowed stolidly ahead, making havoc of Roman names. "I didn't think there was half so many Scarers in print," Mr. Boffin muttered sagely.

He acquired, too, a ward and a secretary. Bella Wilfer had been named in the Harmon will as the son's future bride. Her blighted hopes so troubled Mr. Boffin that he installed her in his home, treating her like a beloved daughter. And soon after John Harmon disappeared there came into London a mysterious John Rokesmith, who obtained the position of secretary. A secretive man was John Rokesmith, unwilling to speak of his past.

Rogue Riderhood, former partner and now sworn enemy of Jesse Hexam, set afoot suspicions that Hexam had murdered John Harmon and the law trailed the vulture of the Thames. It found Jesse dangling behind his boat as so many had dangled there before, swept overboard and caught in his rope. Eugene Wrayburn was one of the trailers, and again he looked into the clear eyes of Lizzie Hexam.

Lizzie found refuge with Fanny Cleaver, better known as the Doll's Dressmaker, a fantastic little creature with a tongue as sharp as the needle she so incessantly plied. Intruding into Lizzie's life came the love of Bradley Headstone, a morose man, and of Eugene Wrayburn, conscious that she was too far below him for marriage, unwilling to do her harm, and yet unable to resist his longing to be near her.

Rejected, Bradley Headstone vowed vengeance upon the man whom he believed responsible. In the Boffin home, too, unhappiness was brooding Bella Wilfer, her head turned by wealth, remembering poverty at home, set her heart upon wedding a rich man and discouraged John Rokesmith. The secretary had other troubles. He was trying to put together the past. He recalled a voyage, a ship upon which he was known as John Harmon. He remembered coming ashore and going with a mate to the house of Rogue Riderhood. Somewhere was a room where he drank coffee. Then stupefaction, with gleams of memory concerned with a fight, a slide, cold water swirling about him a rescue and a decision to test Bella by taking another name. After that the discovery of the mate's body, mistaken for that of John Harmon.

Suddenly Mr. Boffin seemed to lose his amiability. He was gruff with his secretary; he turned to stories about misers. "The more I save, the more you shall have," he said to Bella, but she did not like the running look in his eyes. Nor was Silas Wegg aloof from the lust for money. He cast covetous eyes upon the mounds that had made Mr. Boffin "the Golden Dustman." He explored their lowlands and their summits, poking about for treasure. Perhaps there might be another will. He did find a later Harmon will and cherished it as a weapon wherewith he would bleed his benefactor.

Lizzie Hexam, frightened by her lovers, disappeared. Neither Headstone nor Eugene could trace her. But Headstone fancied that Eugene would find her and for weeks he trailed his rival. Eugene was aware of this morose figure that was never far behind him, and he took an impish delight in roaming after nightfall through all the four quarters of London.

At the same time, matters were approaching a climax with the Boffins. Silas Wegg was preparing his trap; Mr. Boffin was daily growing more surly. At last he blazed forth and discharged John Rokesmith for aspiring to the hand of Bella to secure the Harmon fortune. But Bella took the part of the dismissed secretary and cried bitterly as she recalled the lovable Mr. Boffin now transformed into this terrible monster of greed. She sought again the poverty of her childhood home. It did not take John Rokesmith long to find her and the chagrined Mr. Wilfer felt happily faint when he saw his Bella's head find what seemed a natural resting-place upon John's breast.

Meanwhile Eugene had found Lizzie's hiding place, near Plashwater Weir Mill Lock. Eugene rowed up the river to the hamlet, but did not notice the interested lock-keeper who swung open the gates for him. Nor did he know that a man dressed like the lock-keeper was near, watching him with baleful eyes. The latter was Bradley Headstone; the gate-keeper was Rogue Riderhood, who was known to hate Eugene. Riderhood puzzled more than a little when he saw Headstone, with murder in his eyes, in clothes precisely like his own.

Eugene walked at nightfall with Lizzie by the banks of the river. Headstone could not know that Lizzie begged Eugene to go away, but he saw their lips meet. A shadowy figure kept close to Eugene after that until something seemed suddenly to crash in his head and the stars and moon reeled in his sight. He closed with his assailant, there was a scuffle and a splash. Lizzie, tormented by her talk, had not gone to her room. She heard the splash and rushed to the river bank. When she saw a face in the river she hurriedly leaped into a boat. No man could have been more skillful with oars. She reached the floating body, caught it by the hair, secured it and screamed for help. Help did not come before she had bound and kissed that face that was so dear to her.

Scarred and marred as he was, Eugene struggled back from the border of death. He did not expect to recover when he asked Lizzie to marry him, but she was as proud of him when she was made his wife as though he had been standing in full strength by her side instead of lying helplessly in bed.

Rogue Riderhood remembered that Headstone had intended him to suffer for the crime. So he announced that he would dog Headstone until he was paid handsomely. Headstone knew that the scoundrel would trail him forever, as he had trailed Eugene. He walked away without a word, with Riderhood at his heels. He stepped out upon the bridge that held back the Thames and then suddenly caught his tormentor with a grip that could not be shaken. They wrestled back and forth on the brink, steadily nearing the edge. Riderhood tried in vain to draw a knife. He fought, he tried to squirm free from that relentless embrace. At last he went over backward with Headstone gripping him. They found the bodies locked together.

In the meantime Silas Wegg tightened his screws upon the hapless Boffin. But the dramatic scene that he had planned did not work out, for there was a later will than the one he had found, giving everything to Mr. Boffin. So Mr. Wegg was suddenly swung out of the house and into a passing scavenger's cart. His wooden leg waved a gyrating farewell as he passed out of the Boffin house.

Bella Wilfer had become Bella Rokesmith, and there was a wonderful, tiny Bella before she understood Mr. Boffin's strange miserliness. Not till then did she learn that her name was Bella Harmon and that Mr. Boffin had been troubled by her hardness of heart. So he had decided to try her. It was for that reason that he had been so gruff and miserly. He was glad he had done it, for it had proved Bella's worth and given her the man who loved her. And now, although the Harmon fortune had been left by the last will to Mr. Boffin, he resolutely refused to take it. He kept only money enough to live comfortably for the rest of his happy days.

The magnificence of the new home where Bella was to live impressed even her impressive mother, and the cherubic father was made John's secretary and released from the numbing life that had been his for many years. But perhaps John and Bella and the Boffins too who were living with them were made happiest by the long visit that they had from Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Wrayburn. Eugene was slowly winning his way back to health and the old affected cynicism had departed. He was prouder of his wife from the slums than he was of his own distinguished family and the place in society that had been his.

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Multiplication Table Too Hard.

Caroline Herschel, the discoverer of eight comets, and the accomplished partner of her brother's astronomical labors, never could remember the multiplication table, and always had to carry a copy of it about with her.

Daily Thought.

But silence never shows itself to so great an advantage as when it is made the reply to calumny and defamation, provided that we give no just occasion for them.—Addison.

Challengers.

Critics are sentinels in the grand army of letters, stationed at the corners of newspapers and reviews, to challenge every new author.—Longfellow.

Art and Power.

Art and power will go on as they have done—will make day out of night, time out of space, and space out of time.—Emerson.

Caught in the Rebound

By MARTHA McWILLIAMS

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Action and reaction being always equal, how was Benning to disprove the axiom? He sure it was no question of his asking—he did not, indeed, realize its existence. He was, you see, self-sufficient with malice aforethought, hence took no account of the winds of chance.

Yet they had blown him through painfully meager college years to a scholarly degree that he felt assured success still greater. Thus he had had no time for playing, still less for the pretty game of love-making—there expressed concretely in expensive things like flowers, candy, auto and theater parties, not to mention giddy raiment of the latest mode. Girls meant all these—so imperatively Benning had stoically passed them up. Notwithstanding, he did not lack sex-consciousness—but it was so braided in with thrift and ambition that he had held it rigidly in check. Yet in the backmost corner of his mind, where he visioned a future of opulence, he stored an appraisal of Persis Moon, not strictly of the college set, her father being only an adjunct professor in the lethargic law branch of the university. Persis looked thrift personified—and lived up to it, yet owned a delicate small prettiness, and a gently clipt speech, that wasted no breath in undue emphasis.

If he did not tell her so outright he knew she understood—as is the privilege of such ingrowing natures. So when he plunged into the world of affairs, got a foothold, only to be swept from it by the war flood, he felt that only an "if" stood between them. Several ifs, in fact—if she lacked patience, if another man desired her, if he himself found out somebody more to his advantage—even the dazzling "if" of sudden success that would set him beyond her potentialities—all these he pondered, but ended by leaving his mind clouded with mists, only now and then roseate.

Luck lay in wait for him. Home from the wars, with never a scratch,

"I Was Wishing You'd Come—Right Away."

she opened a way for him, not gilt-edged but gilt-paved. It led to millions, some few years ahead. Meantime he had to get acclimated in the atmosphere of wealth—learn to dress with such quiet elegance it all but amounted to camouflage, to forget the name of money, except when he seemed to himself to squander it—and to do the squandering with the gayest good will. He caught quickly the disparaging implication of "lightwad." There Poppy was a rock of refuge. Poppy being the synonym of a super-faithful buddy, unreasonably rich and reasonably sensible. Through the medium of his own hearty sincerity he saw Benning as a wonder. Therefore he was glad to sponsor him socially, even to make him known to Melitta Vane, the queen of his own affections.

Melitta was, after a sort, compounded of saint and siren. Vividly beautiful, alive to her finger tips, dancing like a menad and singing like a thrush. In June, she had undisputed right to be first in the hearts of her countrymen. Benning had no intention of disputing the right—when it came to Poppy Sanders, there was another story. Poppy had already more than he deserved—besides, he could not possibly need Melitta as Benning himself did. Hence, therefore and because, Benning set himself seduloasly to the supplanting of his friend. At first casually, covertly, but soon by open and eager pursuit. He haunted her waking hours, wrote to her daily or oftener, sent fine, small, well-chosen gifts upon any occasion, or none, and by clever maneuvering made himself her social complement upon the most part of important affairs.

Fate appeared to have taken the case for him. Somehow there was a growing distance betwixt Melitta and Poppy—not an open break, but a withdrawing from camaraderie. Poppy had spells of being actually taciturn, but Melitta, away from him, was gayer than ever. Benning flattered himself that it was because of him—a woman's heart, like the moon, thought he, had always a man in it. No other man should have a chance to set his image in Melitta's breast. Since two bodies cannot occupy the same space, Benning was relying a lot upon presumptions. The sense of security they bred in him went to his head—he not only spent with both hands almost ostentatiously but got a mad joy from the spending. Melitta loved luxury—he wanted to prove to her that with his potentialities capitalized, as was easily possible, as his wife she would need only to wish for a thing and have it.

He fancied her ambitious, therefore he played upon her skillfully, but without ceasing in full stream, all the celebrities with whom he had touch, social or official. Also he let her know indirectly that he had not yet reached apogee. If he chose he could slide into politico-capitalistic life, where his brains, plus influence, would soon exalt him greatly. He visioned Melitta an embassadress, presented and presenting at courts, a cabinet lady, even dimly, first lady of the land. She would grace any station—he told her so more than once. She made faces at him, calling him flatterer, but he knew she was not offended. So he ventured upon open love-making, with a warmth and earnestness that amazed himself. She listened, sometimes laughing, sometimes yawning, giving him neither yea-say nor nay-say, but elfin oracles that made her more than ever maddening.

This could not last forever. Two careers were open to him—which he should choose depended on Melitta. One, semi-scientific, spelled secure consequence among men of his sort, but nothing spectacular, no beating of drums nor sounding of tocatoms. This was greatly to his inclination—he truly loved delving into deep things. But over against it there lay a breathless opportunity to gain, by somewhat of risk, millions, great power, and the whole world's applause. It would mean Paradise—plus Melitta. Without her he refused to let himself think. Instead, he went to her, rather white-faced and shaken, but feeling himself so full of compelling he did not doubt the result.

She met him on the plazza, her eyes starry, her lips falling instantly into a soft, merry smile. "I was wishing you'd come—right away," she said. "Did that bring you? Or is it just a happen so?"

"Providence brought me, I think—if you wished for me," Benning began in a throaty voice he hardly recognized as his own. Melitta started a little and drew a pace away, saying with her head high: "Maybe so! But you would have known before morning anyway. Poppy is looking for you to ask if you'll help us—we have to be married early tomorrow—and there is so much needs doing."

"Tomorrow?" Bennings echoed, laughing hollowly. "When I thought you were done with him."

"You have a trick of making mistakes," she answered gravely. "As for instance, thinking you could supplant your most useful friend. As soon as we realized it, Poppy said: 'Let him go as far as he likes—'"

Benning waited for no further words as he rushed away. Poppy met him, held out his hand and smiled rather grimly, saying: "From your look, if I want to say good-by, now is the time."

Six weeks later Mr. and Mrs. Poppy Sanders got wedding cards from Benning and his bride—the sometime Persis Moon. They laughed softly over them—Poppy had heard something of Persis in reservation—and said one to another: "He got caught in the rebound."

WORK FOR CIVIL ENGINEERS

Unsolved Problems of Metallurgy That Are Engaging the Attention of Steel Manufacturers.

Very fascinating are the unsolved problems of metallurgy which were discussed at a recent meeting of an institution of civil engineers.

There is a common carbon steel which, when heated to 725 degrees Centigrade and quenched in brine, bends on becoming cold, 48 degrees, and possesses the hardness number 228 on the Brinnel scale. If heated only 10 degrees higher, to 735 degrees, and then quenched and cooled, it bends only 1½ degrees, and its hardness becomes 512. Finally, when the heat is increased another five degrees, to 740 degrees, the effect is that the steel will not bend at all, and its hardness number rises to 713.

All these results are produced by a range of temperature less than that experienced by the air on an ordinary spring day. There is a steel containing 20 per cent of nickel which is almost nonmagnetic and has a tenacity of 40 tons per square inch. If immersed in liquid air it becomes strongly magnetic, and its tenacity rises to 15 tons. Then, after returning to ordinary temperatures it retains a tenacity of 115 tons.—Christian Science Monitor.

The Seats of the Mighty.

Polly Peachblow—I don't think it's fair. I've been chosen queen of this festival and you're putting off all the menial jobs on me.

Mr. Muck—What else did you expect? Haven't you noticed what's happened to royalty all over Europe ever since the war?

Child Was Lucky.

Anna Cunningham, nine years old, fell off a station platform in front of an elevated train in Brooklyn recently. In falling she missed the approaching cars, dropped between the rim of the platform and the track, glanced off an electric feed wire and landed on the street pavement, 35 feet below. She cried as a policeman picked her up. Physicians found her only injuries were three broken teeth and some scratches.—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

Stories of Great Scouts

By Elmo Scott Watson

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SCOUT CALLED "TAM-E-YUKH-TAH" (CUT-OFF LEG)

Amos Chapman was a scout for Gen. Nelson A. Miles in the war with the southern plains tribes in 1874. One day, with Billy Dixon ("Hasta"—Long Hair) and four soldiers he was carrying dispatches from Miles' camp on McClellund creek in Texas to Camp Supply, Indian Territory, when they were surrounded by a war party of 125 Commanches and Kiowas.

At the first fire from the Indians Private Smith fell from his horse. His companions, believing him dead, dismounted, abandoned their horses, and ran to a buffalo wallow, a depression in the ground about 100 yards away. The two scouts worked swiftly with their knives deepening the wallow while the three soldiers kept up a hot fire against the savages, who were riding at full speed in a fast-narrowing circle around them.

Suddenly Chapman noticed Private Smith trying to rise. "Boys, keep these infernal redskins off me and I'll run back and get Smith," he said to his companions. He laid down his rifle, sprang from the wallow, and under a hail of Indian bullets ran to where Smith lay. Throwing himself beside the wounded man, the scout pulled Smith on his back and rose. As he staggered back towards the wallow, 16 Indians rode for him at full speed.

Dixon and his comrades opened up with a fiercer fire to protect Chapman in his dash for safety. When he was only 20 yards from the wallow an Indian rode almost on top of him and fired. The scout fell, but since he did not feel any pain, he believed he had only stepped into a hole.

"Amos, you are badly hurt!" exclaimed Dixon as Chapman dropped beside him.

"No, I am not," declared the scout.

"Look at your leg," replied "Hasta," and when Chapman looked he saw that one leg was shot off just above the ankle. He had been walking on the bone and dragging the foot behind him, but in the excitement of the moment he did not know it. His friends amputated the foot, bound up the wounds, held out against the assaults of the Indians until they were rescued by a company of soldiers. Their brave defense won special mention in General Miles' dispatches, and Chapman was given a medal of honor for his heroic act. Ever since that fight the Indians have called him "Tam-e-yukh-tah" or "The Man with the Cut-Off Leg."

Stories of Great Scouts

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FREDERICK WILLIAM SCHMALSLE'S DARING RIDE

Down on the Washita river in Oklahoma one September day in 1874, Captain Lyman's company of the Fifth infantry were fighting for their lives against 400 Kiowa and Comanche warriors who had surrounded the wagon train which they were escorting to General Miles' army.

That night Captain Lyman called for volunteers to make a dash through the Indian lines and ride to Camp Supply, 90 miles away, for help. The first to offer himself was Frederick William Schmalsle, a scout. Taking only a carbine and mounting the best horse in the command, Schmalsle slipped out of the corralled wagons and rode away. He was at once discovered by the Indians, and while urging his horse to top speed the scout rode into a prairie dog town.

The horse stumbled, nearly throwing its rider over its head, then recovered and sped on. Schmalsle had lost his hat and carbine in the tumble, and the Indians were gaining on him. They would have caught him, too, if he had not run into a buffalo herd, which immediately stampeded. Bending low over his horse's neck the scout rode beside a big buffalo bull and succeeded in escaping the pursuing redskins. By this time he had lost all sense of direction. Finally reaching a stream which he recognized as the Canadian river, he knew he was headed in the right direction.

Recent rains had swollen the river to a torrent and an attempt to ford it in the darkness meant the chance of death from quicksand or floating driftwood. Deciding to wait until daybreak, the scout began searching for a ford. Suddenly he heard dogs barking and knew he was near an Indian village. He must cross the river. Plunging in boldly he managed to reach the other bank in safety.

Daybreak found him in broken country covered with thickets and in one of these he hid all day, hungry and thirsty. At nightfall the scout, with the North star as his guide set out again. After riding all night, he reached a hay camp at Wolf Creek, 20 miles from Camp Supply.

Stopping here only long enough to eat and to get a fresh horse, Schmalsle sped on to Camp Supply, which he reached soon after noon. While the relief expedition was being organized the scout slept—for two hours—and when the soldiers rode away to the rescue of their comrades Scout Schmalsle led the way and guided them safely to the wagon train within the next 20 hours.

Cleaning Marble.

To clean marble mix with water five parts of soda, two and a half parts of powdered chalk and two and a half parts of pumice stone (powdered); spread on the marble and wash off with soap and water. The consistency of the mixture when applied should be that of a thin paste.

Stories of Great Scouts

By Elmo Scott Watson

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BEN CLARK, WHOM THE INDIANS CALLED "MI-E NO-TO-WAH."

When General Custer's Fighting Seventh charged down upon Chief Black Kettle's Cheyennes on the Washita to the tune of "Garryowen" that cold November morning in 1868, at his side rode a man whom the Indians recognized, and they shouted to each other "Look out for Red Neck! He's a dead shot!"

Clark played an important part in Custer's campaigns that year, but his most valuable services were performed as a scout for Gen. Nelson Miles in the war with the Cheyennes, Arapahoes, Commanches and Kiowas in 1874. His greatest feat was his part in the rescue of the Germaine sisters, two little white girls who had been captured when their parents were murdered by raiding Cheyennes in their Kansas home.

Two of the girls, Adelaide and Julia Germaine, were recaptured from the Cheyennes when Lieut. Frank Baldwin struck the camp of Chief Gray Beard so suddenly that the Indians had no chance to kill their prisoners, as they usually did. The girls informed General Miles that two of their sisters, Catherine and Sophia Germaine, still were held by another band of the Cheyennes.

Ben Clark immediately set out to discover where they were. After a long search he found that they were in the camp of Chief Stone Calf. General Miles secured a photograph of Julia and Adelaide and on the back of it he wrote a message to the other sisters telling them that every effort was being made to rescue them. He gave this message to a friendly Indian who visited Stone Calf's camp and, unobserved by the Indians, slipped it into the hand of one of the girls.

The general next sent a message to Stone Calf, demanding his surrender and telling him that no mercy would be shown his warriors unless the Germaine girls were brought to the nearest army post alive and unharmed. In a short time Stone Calf came in to the Cheyenne agency, surrendered his white captives and all four sisters were reunited. Ben Clark's scouting had not been in vain.

When the Cheyennes were finally subdued, Clark settled down at Fort Reno, Okla., with them. He became their interpreter in all their dealings with the white men, and the Cheyennes came to honor "Red Neck" as much as they had feared him when he was fighting against them. Later he was custodian of old Fort Reno, and when he died a few years ago, after more than 50 years in the government service, his passing was mourned by white and red men alike.

Stories of Great Scouts

By Elmo Scott Watson

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DR. W. F. CARVER, "EVIL SPIRIT OF THE PLAINS"

One day back in the sixties a trapper was following a narrow trail through the woods near Cedar Mountain, in Wyoming. Suddenly from a clump of bushes nearby a shot rang out, followed in quick succession by three more. The trapper dropped quickly to the ground and rolled behind a log, unhurt. Then he waited for the next move of the Indians who had ambushed him.

In a few minutes a war bonnet appeared above a log a short distance away. The trapper was not deceived, for this was an old Indian trick.

However, the trapper had a better trick than this up his sleeve. His rifle was not a single shot, for after a winter of successful trapping he had sold his furs in St. Louis and had bought a repeating rifle, one of the first to be carried in the Rocky mountains. He had this weapon now, and he immediately fired, as the Indians were hoping he would do.

As he fired four Indians sprang from the bush and with wild yells of triumph rushed for the trapper. Without removing his gun from his shoulder, the white man pumped bullets at oncoming warriors as fast as he could work the lever.

Three of the Indians dropped in their tracks, and the fourth, with a howl of dismay, turned and fled at top speed, followed by several bullets, which the trapper sent after him to encourage the fleeing redskin. When the surviving warrior arrived in his village he told a marvelous tale of an encounter with a white man who had a "medicine gun" which never stopped shooting and killing.

In this way Dr. W. F. Carver, the trapper who had been ambushed, won the name of "The Evil Spirit of the Plains," for the Indians learned to fear him and his medicine gun as they did no other trapper who invaded their hunting grounds. When the trapping days ended, Dr. Carver became a scout and guide for the United States army, and during the Sioux war of 1876-77 he made the acquaintance of "Buffalo Bill" Cody.

The two scouts became fast friends. When Buffalo Bill's Wild West show was organized Carver joined it as a sharpshooter. He could handle a rifle or pistol almost as skillfully as Cody himself, and for many years the two scouts appeared in the arena together.

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BANKING HAS ITS ROMANCE

Quiet Spot in London Where Monetary Transactions of Immense Importance Are Ordinary.

Romance is hidden away in all kinds of old corners of the city of London, and some of it is to be found within half a minute's walk of the vortex of traffic outside the Mansion house, London Tit-Bits states.

Here, in a secluded building that few persons ever see, is the beating heart of one of the greatest romances in the world—the romance of banking.

In and out of this almost unknown building flows, minute by minute, the life stream of the trade and commerce of the land. Last year the almost incredible river of thirty-nine thousand million pounds passed in at one door and out by the other.

It is not the Bank of England that pulses with this current of fabulous wealth, but it is the London clearing house, that nestles in a corner of Post Office court, tucked away in the wedge of buildings between Lombard street and King William street, with an insurance building hiding it at one side and Lubbock's bank at the other.

Every time one of its doors, marked "Private—In" and "Private—Out," swings a fortune goes in or comes out—an average of £127,512,700 a day last year.

The river consists not of silver or gold, but of pieces of paper—"bills, checks and so on"—and it is carried by messengers from the banks. Each bank associated with the clearing house has its own desk in the building.

Year by year the river increases. In 1868 it topped three thousand millions. By 1908 it was over twelve thousand millions. In 1918 it rose to more than sixteen thousand millions. The second year of the war saw it down by a trifle of three thousand millions. Since then it has leaped up each year.

Now its volume is so great that the clearing house has to find more room, and the Standard Life Assurance company's offices, facing King William street, have been bought for £300,000. Part of the building has for some time been annexed to the clearing house. Now the whole is to be taken in.

Alaskan Volcanic Fires.

At a recent meeting of the American Society for the Advancement of Science, Dr. Robert F. Griggs described a fiery flood which occurred in Alaska in the "Valley of Ten Thousand Smokes." Here he found traces of the flood of fire which, issuing from a fissure in the earth, swept a roaring torrent of molten sand through the fertile valley, devastating all in its path for a distance of more than fifteen miles.

From thousands of fissures live steam, heated gas and smoke issued. One could do one's cooking in any of the smaller holes. And that was the only salvation of the expedition, for all fuel had been destroyed by the flood of fire. It is only a few steps from the steaming fissures to a cave in the side of the glacier, in order to have the most perfect refrigeration in the world.

The explorers' tents were steam heated, as it were, and the bathing conditions were of the best, for a stream from the glacier fed a crystal pure lake. In the middle of this lake a steam jet bubbled, and it was possible to get any desired temperature.

Asphalt Much Used in Building.

"Roofing" constitutes an important branch of a much broader field of engineering, known as "waterproofing," in which asphalt has for thousands of years played an important part. The ancient Egyptians were able to preserve their mummies in good condition to the present day by wrapping them in fabric saturated and made waterproof and weather resisting with asphalt. Modern ingenuity has discovered no material better adapted to waterproofing and preserving its present day structures than asphalt. It is not surprising, therefore, that in recent years the production of asphalt in large quantities has been rendered possible by refining crude petroleum. Its use for roofing and waterproofing has developed rapidly. In many structures from roof to cellar asphalt plays an important part, first as roofing, then as sheathing and insulating and finally as a waterproofing membrane for the underground portion.—Exchange.

The small, worn-out clock can be used in the sickroom if the face is still intact. After a dose of medicine is given the hands should be turned to denote the time when the next one is due.

In Conversation.

In conversation humour is more than wit, easiness more than knowledge; few desire to learn, or to think they need it; all desire to be pleased, or [illegible] to be easy.—Sir W. Temple.

Wings Ready for Him.

[illegible] hope for the person [illegible] when [illegible] has a toothache [illegible] the man who can laugh at [illegible] you have a toothache is [illegible].—Fleur de Lis.

WHY THE "BLUES"

Just Stop and Ask Yourself, "What's the Use?"

Too Many People Seem to Take Pleasure in Cultivating Their Pains and Grievances.

Among the selfish, expensive and superfluous luxuries, what are commonly known as "the blues" take high rank.

If we call the halt and take the time to do so, any of us can think of all sorts of dismal things that are really or supposedly the matter with us.

But what's the use? What good does it do? Half the time, when we tell a hard luck story, we are telling it to someone who has ten times as good a reason to complain.

It's not interesting or flattering to realize when we're low in our minds that it may be because we ate imprudently, or slept too little, or let trifles light as air fret us, or broke some one of nature's wise and well-established ordainments.

Just as mischief in a schoolroom or institute in an audience may be due to bad air, so mental depression may be the result of a regimen of life that is awry.

It's very easy to poke fun at the conventions and kick over the traces of sleep, and temperance, and three meals a day at regular hours.

It's easy to decry decency and regularity as stupid and Victorian.

But there's a reason.

The people who complain that their own nerves torment them and that life is hard and fate is cruel are not the people who have worked hard, lived soberly and obeyed the rules.

They are the people who said they were having "the time of their lives"—which really meant they were throwing away the time of their lives—the precious time, which is all that any of us has to live on.

You do not hear the workers complain of the petty things that seem to bother the idlers. The workers have no time to cultivate their pains and grievances as if these were flowers. The workers are busy "carrying on" in place of those who stop and sit down to examine the bruises and coddle themselves.

Some friends of the world are regarded as towers of strength needing no buttress, and founts of sympathy never requiring replenishment. If those who depend on them but knew, these apparently glorious and limitless human beings often cry from the agony of the heart to open space for re-enforcement and refreshment. They feel their weakness and emptiness.

But they do not visit their discouragement, their sense of failure or their plague of nerves upon their fellows. They keep their hearts for other hearts; their faces shine; they are a blessing where they stand and as they move.

It is what we feel for others, not what we feel in ourselves that matters. —Philadelphia Public Ledger.

"Fraternity" Camps.

Ten little Indian girls from four Oklahoma schools play amicably with their white American sisters in a Y. W. C. A. camp at Tulsa, Okla. Organized into ten "Indian tribes," with a councilor for each, the campers govern themselves and hold many a powwow over the camp fires. A pretty ceremony took place recently when Ella Jones, a full-blooded Creek Indian girl, lighted the "friendship fire" as a token of friendship between the two races. Five hundred Indian girls are members of the Y. W. C. A., and conduct the activities of their several associations in ten Indian schools in Oklahoma and New Mexico. Summer camps form the meeting places for these daughters of our first families and the daughters of later comers to America. Miss Edith Dabb, who directs the Y. W. C. A. work for Indian girls, has lived for many years on the reservations. Partly because of the esteem and confidence with which she is regarded by the tribes, she ranks as an authority on all things Indian.

Embarrassing Moment.

I was appointed sergeant of decoration for the school hall. I had a number of assistants, together with some forty-odd spectators who offered criticisms whenever there was an opportunity.

It was a few hours before the play, and I was hurriedly attending to "last-minute" preparations, perched on the top of the shaky ladder. I remember, distinctly, reaching out to untwist a flag, paying no heed to the "that-a girl" and "go-to-its" of the onlookers, when the ladder gave way under me and I came crashing to the floor. Imagine, how I looked and felt sitting astride the flattened ladder, a hammer poised in one hand and the troublesome flag in the other.—Exchange.

Honor Fallen Comrades.

A new and admirable form of war memorial is being instituted by the Fourth Dragoon Guards. A portable brass plaque has been designed, which will always remain with the regiment wherever it may be stationed. It will form part of the charge of the regimental guard and a ritual will be established, in that the names of the fallen engraved on the plaque will be saluted with full military honors once a day by the guard at "guard mounting."—London Telegraph.

Hippolyte W. Romanoff, a Russian inventor residing in New York, has been granted a patent on a sixteen-wheel vehicle for which he claims more riding comfort and greater economy of tires than at present available in the four-wheeled vehicle. According to Motor World the inventor plans four four-wheeled trucks, one at each corner of the car, each wheel turning on an independent spindle and four spindles supported by a linked parallelogram, so that if one wheel rises over an obstruction all of the wheels remain vertical.

CHARMING ENGLISH CREATION

This attractive cream serge costume, trimmed with gold braid, was designed by one of the leading modistes of London.

TUB SILK FROCK IS POPULAR

Soft, Washable Fabric Among the Most Charming for Wear During the Summer.

Among the most charming of the warm weather frocks shown this year may be mentioned those made of soft, washable silks. These silks come in light colors, and more often than not in gingham patterns. Checks and stripes of various widths are featured, the background usually being white. The material launders beautifully and generally gives excellent service. The tendency is to fashion the tub silk frocks on somewhat tailored lines.

The regulation frock made of tub silk in the checked pattern and piped in color to match the check, or if this is a color, such as blue, green or red, a black piping may be used if preferred. The belt is of white kid trimmed in bright colored or black patent leather, and the shoes carry out the same color scheme. A little vestee, often of white knitted silk, organdie or other cotton material, is a part of the design.

Tub silk makes an ideal frock for wear at home during the summer months, as it is so soft that it does not wrinkle at all and will stand a good deal of wear without retubbing.

WAY TO LAUNDER SWEATERS

Garment Should Be Cleansed by Squeezing, Lifting Up and Down, and Not Stretched.

Free the sweater from all loose dust, then measure and write down the length and width of the front and back, length of shoulder and length of sleeves along the seam.

Dissolve two tablespoonfuls of white soap flakes in a half cupful of boiling water and stir into a gallon of warm water (for colored garments the water should be cooler than for white).

Put in the sweater and wash by squeezing and lifting up and down in the soapy water, taking care not to stretch it. Do not rub. Rinse in several waters of the same temperature as the wash water, and for white sweaters add a very little bluing to the last rinse water. Squeeze between the hands, roll in a Turkish towel and squeeze again to remove as much water as possible.

Set a table outdoors in the shade and cover it with a folded sheet. On this lay the sweater with the back next the sheet and draw the fronts together and the sleeves straight out. Verify all measurements and if necessary stretch and pin the sweater into shape. When partly dry, turn the other side up.

LACE IN BLACK AND WHITE

Material Lends Conveniently to Looped Effects—Tendency to React From Dyed Laces.

Panels, loops or draperies that hang below the skirt give an effect of fullness without actually widening the skirt, as they also give the appearance of greater length, although in many instances the length of the skirt has not been increased. For fashion has quite definitely decided that skirts must be lengthened, and has also made an unsuccessful struggle to widen them.

Laces lend themselves well to looped effects, although they bring us to a slightly different sort of evening dress from the simple crepe de chine things. While the lines may be similar and the draping done in much the same way, the effect cannot fail to be dissimilar, because the fabrics are so unlike.

There is a tendency to react from the dyed laces, although this does not mean that they are not used. Quantities of them still are seen, but they appear a bit garish beside the black-and-white combinations or the frocks in all white or entirely of jet black lace.

Spanish blond laces still are in frequent demand. They make pleasing semi-evening dresses for midsummer, to be worn with transparent brown hats.

Amount of Salt in the Sea.

Ocean water contains an average of 3.77 per cent of salt. If all the saline matter of the sea was put together it would make a block of salt measuring 4,800,000 cubic miles. If spread out it would cover the United States to a depth of one mile and a half.

IN EVENING TOGS

Flaring Skirts Prove Only Weak Whim of Fashion.

Straight-Line Dress Still Triumphant—Greek Drapery Provides Note of Beauty.

The Greek idea is firmly established in summer evening dresses. There has been considerable talk of flaring skirts, and a number of them have made their appearance in the shops, but, as predicted, cites a fashion critic, they have proven to be only a whim of fashion, and the straight-line dress still is triumphant. It would be impossible in the entire annals of fashion to find anything more beautiful than the clothes built on the natural lines of the body.

While dresses for daytime wear may be on perfectly straight lines, some draping usually is required for models designed for the evening, and in these we are becoming more familiar with the beauty of Greek drapery at its best—that is, when the cloth was laid in natural folds.

There is no more reason why an evening frock, any more than one intended for the morning, should be fussy. Happily, the days when this was considered necessary are passed.

Nothing could be lovelier than the white and silver evening dresses created for this summer. They are very straight of line and high of neck in the front, but with the decolletage cut extremely low in the back and standing away from the body in some mysterious way, so that while the front of the neck appears to fit rather snugly the back is loose.

The dresses themselves are much like the continuously popular chemise, except that they are draped slightly to the figure at the sides. A wide sash of the white fabric, which usually is a soft silk, may girdle such a frock at a low line. From this sash fall loops of the silk the same width as the sash and lined with silver cloth, as is the girdle, which ties in the back and hangs as many inches below the skirt as desired. If the dress is intended for formal wear the ends of the sash may form square or pointed trains. Both emerald green crepe de chine and silver and bright cerise colored silk and silver have been attractively worked out in these simpler models.

MAKING THE MENDING EASY

Have Set of Pegs Conveniently Spaced on Board to Accommodate Spools and Balls.

The best possible way to keep spools of thread and mending cotton is on a set of pegs that will fit into the hole in the middle of the spool or ball. You can buy these, though the spool holders offered for sale usually have only three or four pegs. You should have at least a dozen. A good homemade device is to get a narrow, smooth board, perhaps 15 inches long and three or four inches wide. This you may make smooth by finishing it with enamel paint. In this you should drive long, heavy nails an inch and a half apart. You might drive two rows of these if your board is wide enough. Drive them just far enough in to make them secure. On these nails you can place your threads and mending cottons.

A few hours more would be sufficient time to devote to making an excellent mending paraphernalia with a convenient place for keeping mending needles, scissors, tapes, buttons and the various other essentials of mending.

FROM 'FAIRYLAND' SHE COMES

Two heavy rows of rose satin ruching are the sole adornment of this simple little summer frock from "Fairyland" of Paris. A lightweight silk of pure white makes the body of the garment.

What's the Penalty for This?

"Ah!" exclaimed the facetious "cub" reporter, as he slid into a hammock with the season's most [illegible] per. "This reminds me of a typewriter keyboard."

"How so?" asked the lovely creature.

"Because [illegible] are so close together."—[illegible].

HOW TO ANALYZE MARKET REPORTS

"Bulk of Sales" Quotations Are Likely to Prove Confusing to Many Farmers.

FIGURES WILL VARY WIDELY

On Day When Low-Grade Hogs Are Neglected Higher Grade Animals Are Finding Ready Sale at Attractive Prices.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

"Bulk of sales" quotations appearing in live-stock market reports are likely to prove confusing to the farmer who attempts to keep himself informed on selling conditions, yet a present-day market report would not be complete without such quotations. If the farmer confines his attention only to "bulk" and "top" sales, and ignores the factors of quality and weight in the market receipts, he is almost sure to form a wrong opinion of the actual market conditions, say market specialists of the United States Department of Agriculture.

May Vary From Day to Day.

Bulk of sales figures should always be studied in conjunction with the quotations on grades which are based on weight and quality. The bulk of sales figures may vary widely from day to day without indicating that the market is unstable. This situation frequently arises from a limited trade in low-grade hogs on the same day that high-grade animals are finding ready sale. The bulk of sales quotation for such a day will reach a relatively high figure. On the following day a larger number of low-grade animals may be included in the sales and the higher grades neglected, with the result that the bulk of sales quotations will be far below that of the preceding report. On sessions when the average quality of the animals offered is low the bulk of sales report will reflect this condition, and the farmer who has animals ready for shipment may be misled as to the actual state of affairs, unless he takes into account the other factors which have an important bearing. Because the bulk of sales report from one market is much lower than that from another city he may decide to ship his product to the market which appears to offer the highest prices. As a matter of fact, for the grade that he has to offer, the market quoting the lower bulk figures may offer the higher price to him. It is undoubtedly true that country buyers often take advantage of low bulk of sales reports to depress purchasing prices in their localities.

The Wise Farmer Learns to Analyze His Daily Market Report.

This can be done if the farmer is in the dark as to the quality of the stock comprising the bulk transactions.

Shows Quality and Grades.

To be of practical use to the farmer, the bulk of sales quotations must be considered with the knowledge of what is being offered for hogs of various grades and qualities. Studied in this way the bulk of sales reports are of material value, for they show the quality and grades that make up the principal supply at any market for any period. Bulk quotations also give a more lucid idea of general trade conditions on those sessions of the market when the values from the opening to the closing vary widely.

The clarification and standardization of market reports and classifications throughout the whole country is one of the big tasks on which the bureau of markets, United States Department of Agriculture, is working. When this has been accomplished and the live-stock trade begins to grade its receipts with reasonable uniformity the need for bulk of sales quotations will not be nearly so great as at present.

NECESSITY GOOD FOUNDATION

Farmers Interested in Co-operative Organization When Facilities Are Lacking.

Necessity is a good foundation for a co-operative organization. If the farmers in your community feel a need for an organization they will be interested in it, unite with it, support it. This need may show itself in a lack of marketing facilities or unsatisfactory marketing conditions.

Glycerine Salvaged.

Glycerine weighing 2,130 tons was recovered from the waste fat of army food in England in the three years 1916-1918.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

ANNUAL WHITE SWEET CLOVER YIELDS WELL

New Variety May Possess Important Possibilities.

When Farmer Finds His Hay Supply Will Be Short This Crop Can Be Planted—Grows Well During First Season.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

It has been determined that sweet clover, which grows luxuriantly along roadsides and out-of-the-way places, and which is grown in some sections as a forage crop, has one strain which is annual. The annual sweet clover occasionally appears in patches of the more common biennial form, either as single specimens or in small groups. Seed of the annual has been separated, and in recent years it has been prop-

Sweet Clover Hay Curing in the Cock.

agated. These points are brought out in Department Circular 169, Annual White Sweet Clover and Strains of the Biennial Form, recently published by the United States Department of Agriculture.

The nature of this new variety, according to the bulletin, is such as to indicate that it may have important possibilities. Probably its greatest use for hay will be as an emergency crop. When a stand of clover has been winter killed, or when for any reason a farmer finds that his hay supply will be short, this variety can be seeded during the spring and, provided lime and the proper bacteria are present, will yield a good hay crop. Where rainfall is sufficient it may be seeded even after wheat harvest. It makes a good growth the first season, and experiments in Iowa and Michigan have shown that it may be seeded with oats, to be harvested after the grain is cut. It grows rapidly, and for this reason will keep ahead of weeds.

The annual has a smaller and more woody root than the biennial form, and crown or resting buds are not formed. The stems, branches, leaves, flowers, pods and seeds are indistinguishable from those of the biennial form, but during the season of seeding the plant grows more rapidly, blossoms, fruits and dies. It blooms early and ripens seed in August when seeded early. Seed of the annual form is still very scarce and high priced and, since it cannot be distinguished from seed of the ordinary biennial, should be purchased with caution.

CAMPAIGN FOR BETTER SIRES

Since Movement Was Started There Have Been Many Animals and Fowls Enrolled.

Recent figures on the enrollment of animals and poultry in the "better sires—better stock" campaign, which is being supervised by the United States department of agriculture, show that since the movement was started in October, 1919, there have been 174,104 animals and 264,048 chickens or other poultry enrolled. During this time 3,670 certificates of membership in the campaign have been issued by the department. In order to secure a certificate, a stock breeder or poultryman must fill out a blank, which is supplied by the bureau of animal industry, stating that he will use only purebred sires. A report recently issued by the department shows that 45 states and two possessions—Guam and Porto Rico—have stock breeders or poultrymen enrolled in the campaign. Virginia leads in the movement with 1,130 certificates issued, but Nebraska has the largest number of live stock enrolled.

BEST DIVISION OF PASTURES

A 20-Acre Tract Will Yield More Grass Where Herd Is Shifted to Small Fields.

Dividing pastures into smaller fields is time and money well spent. A 20-acre pasture divided will yield much more grass where the herd is shifted from one field to the other than if allowed to tramp on the entire field at will.

BEST CONDITIONS IN WOODS

Trampling of Soil by Different Animals Among Growing Trees Is Not Favored.

You can't do two things at once. If the best growing conditions are wanted in a woods, grazing animals must be kept out. Hard trampling of soil does about the same amount of good in a woodlot as it does in a field of growing corn.

Baby's Play Pen.

Have an open lattice work made, or a paling, about 20 inches high, and 10 to 12 feet long. By using hinges it can be folded up out of the way when not needed. Put a rug on the floor, a clean sheet over the rug, and the wooden wall around it, and the baby will be safe and happy inside.

THE "ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE"

A superintendent who had charge of a certain decadent business, used frequently to employ the phrase, "almost impossible." If the owners suggested some improvement that would put the goods along in better shape and with less expense he would growl and shake his head.

Then he would get out among the men and they would begin to raise objections, based on their own indolence or desire to slip along the work with the least trouble and pains. He lacked the energy and determination to go to the bottom of these objections. So he would come back to the office with a long face.

"It's almost impossible to do it," he would complain, and he would then report all the difficulties that he had found. There are a great many of these "almost impossible" people.

The successful man will never make any such admission. If a thing is impossible he gives no further thought to it. But he knows no such condition as "almost impossible." That means that the thing is possible, only it involves obstacles. That simply whets the ingenuity and determination of the resourceful and energetic man.

If his helpers are stubborn and won't try out the new method, he experiments on it himself. Most difficulties disappear the moment they are resolutely confronted. Or a study of the situation shows some way to get around them.

The American people have made wonderful progress in the world because they had this spirit of surmounting difficulties. During the easy going times that prevailed since the war when any kind of indifferent worker could keep his job and when even the poorest goods could sell, some people have lost this habit of determined struggle against obstacles. We need to get back into the old spirit of facing difficulties, realizing that the "almost impossible" is really always within reach.

THE "BOSS" SYSTEM

One of the most distinctive characteristics of our political life 20 years ago was the so called "boss" system. It does not seem to be so powerful now. At least, less is heard about it. There was a time when in many states and cities the political action of each such unit would be pretty well in the hands of a single man.

These people were marvellously skilful in political leadership. They knew when they could safely choke off measures of reform and when they must yield to public feeling and pass new laws. They had a gift for picking out lieutenants who could control the voting population in their own localities. In those times most people voted the straight party tickets. The election was won by the party that did the most thorough work in getting out its own vote.

All the boss had to do to elect his candidates was to make sure that all the local workers were on the job of securing a full vote of the party adherents. Even if there was some popular revolt against the ring, if extra thorough organization work was put in, with liberal handouts for manufacturing enthusiasm, the regular ticket would win.

The whole system rested on efficient work by a widely extended force of local leaders. These local leaders must be jollied along by giving them public jobs or letting them have a chance to get elected to minor offices.

At the present time popular education has developed, people read the newspapers more and it is more difficult to round up the voters of an established machine. The bosses have learned that the old abuses will not be tolerated. Many politicians still win out by their gift of smooth talk rather than by achievement, but the tendency is to select men who have rendered useful service. In constituencies where there are many ignorant voters, bosses of the old time type may still flourish, but they do not have the extended power they used to swing.

THE LEFT FOR THE PEDESTRIAN

The National Safety News urges pedestrians walking on country roads to keep to the left. Though contrary to the ordinary rule of keeping to the right, yet this is much safer. In that way automobiles coming up behind him will be on his right, so he will not be in danger from them. And he can see the cars coming toward him, so he can step out to avoid them.

The experienced hobo, when walking on a railroad, always travels on the left hand track. He has studied this problem from long experience. Pedestrians are frequently hurt on country roads when cars come up behind them without giving warning.

The Reason.

Little Joe was at grandmother's house for dinner. Although fried chicken and many other mighty good things were on the table, Joe did not care to eat much. Then grandmother began to coax him. One thing after another she brought to his notice. Finally she said: "Here's my homemade sugar cookies. Aren't you going to try some of them, dear?" Little Joe attempted a smile. "That's what is the matter," he explained. "I tried too many of them before dinner, grandma."—Indianapolis News.

MIDDLETOWN

(From our regular correspondent)

Death of Mr. Walter Leonard

Mr. Walter P. Leonard, who was injured in an automobile accident on Sunday, died at St. Luke's Hospital, New Bedford, on Monday afternoon. Mr. Leonard was the son of Catherine and the late Peter Leonard and resided with his mother at the farmhouse at Bailey's Brook. He was a local mail carrier for the last ten years, and was of a kind and obliging disposition. Death was due to the accident in which his machine turned turtle and he received three fractures of the skull.

The funeral took place on Thursday, with mass of requiem at St. Joseph's Church, Newport.

Miss Ivah L. Peckham, who has been spending the past week with her father, Mr. William J. Peckham, and sister, Miss Dorothy A. Peckham, has returned to her duties at the Peter Brent Brigham Hospital, Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. Crawford T. Hart and daughter Margaret, have returned to their home in Boston, after spending their vacation with Mr. Hart's parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Hart of Wapping Road. They were accompanied by Miss Elizabeth Hart.

The Men's Community Smoker was held on Wednesday evening at the Holy Cross Guild House. Rev. Malbone Birckhead was in charge of the entertainment and secured General James Parker as speaker. General Parker spoke of his experiences in the Philippine Islands and gave a very interesting talk.

Miss Doreas Barker entertained a family gathering at her home recently Mrs. Herbert Barker and family and Mrs. Lester Coggeshall and family being among those present.

Mrs. George G. Peabody and her daughters, Ethel and Mary, are spending several days in Sloeum, R. I., as guests of Mrs. Peabody's sister, Mrs. Edward Caswell.

Mrs. Phoebe Edmundson and her children have gone to visit friends at Port Chester, New York.

Mrs. Arthur Albro has had as guest her mother, Mrs. King of Fall River.

Mrs. Ida M. Hathaway is spending a few days as guesh of Mrs. Charles Caswell of Wakefield.

Miss Charlotte Chase gave a picnic on the shore near her home on Wednesday for the children of her Sunday School class at Holy Cross Church.

Miss Ruth Albro, who has been confined to her home by illness, is able to be about again.

Miss Marjorie Dean of Woburn, Mass., has been guest of Miss Dorothy Sherman at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. I. Lincoln Sherman.

Mrs. Leroy Dennis is spending a few days at Raynham, Mass., as guest of her sister, Mrs. Miller.

Rev. and Mrs. Stanley Muirhead have as guests Mr. and Mrs. Andrew MacIntire and Miss Mildred MacIntire of Salem, Mass.

The Rhode Island Society of Bee Keepers will hold a Newport Field Day on this, Saturday, afternoon at the home of Mr. Philip Caswell at 2.30 o'clock. Among the speakers will be Dr. E. F. Phillips, agriculturist of the United States Department of Agriculture, and Mr. Allan Lathan of Norwich, Conn.

Mrs. Arthur Anthony and Mrs. William R. Thomas, who have been spending a week, camping out in the Rehoboth woods, have returned to their homes.

Mr. James T. Barker has gone to Oak Bluffs, where he will spend a few days with his nephew, Mr. George Dawley.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur A. Albro have had as guests Mrs. Albro's sister, Mrs. William Winstanley and three children of Fall River.

Miss Bernice Coggeshall is guest of her grandmother, Mrs. Clarke Coggeshall.

Miss Elizabeth Anthony of Montclair, N. J., is spending her vacation with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Anthony.

Mr. Frank T. Peckham has as guest Mr. Charles T. Peckham of Pomfret, Conn.

By arrangement with the town council, Dr. DeBlois was at the Peabody School on Tuesday afternoon, when the children of that vicinity could be vaccinated free of charge. Later he went to the Paradise School.

Rev. Latta Griswold of Lenox, Mass., officiated at the morning service of the Berkeley Memorial Chapel last Sunday. Rev. Mr. Griswold was formerly rector of this chapel.

The Ladies' Aid Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church held a cake sale on Friday afternoon at the home of Mrs. Laura Barker on Paradise Avenue, and in the evening the Epworth League met in the Church parlors.

Miss Mary Irish is confined to her home by illness.

The bids for the improvements to the Berkeley Schoolhouse were opened Monday evening at the town hall and the contract was awarded to Mr. Jethro J. Peckham.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Raymond Peckham and their daughter Narrina have concluded their visit with Mr. Peckham's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Elisha A. Peckham, and have gone to Attleboro Falls, Mass., where they will visit Mrs. Peckham's parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Wilmarth.

The P. M. Club held its first meeting since June with Mrs. Harold Dillon on Thursday afternoon.

Miss Mary E. Manchester, who is town clerk's assistant, is spending her two weeks' vacation in New Hampshire.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Barlow and two children have returned to their home in Arlington, Mass., after spending their vacation with Mrs. Barlow's parents, Mr. and Mrs. B. W. H. Peckham, and other relatives in this town and Newport. They were accompanied on their return trip by Mrs. Barlow's sister, Miss Hope Peckham.

Mrs. Eunice Chase, who has been ill, is gaining slowly in health.

HAT SHOULD DEBOTE MOOD

Whys and Wherefores of the Subject Dealt With at Length by English Writer.

I never put on a new hat without a certain feeling of pity for the mere man who can never enjoy the delicious thrill that it gives, writes J. M. in the London Daily Mail.

But there is much to be gone through before that triumphant moment arrives, for the business of choosing a new hat is fraught with nervous apprehension lest our choice fall upon the wrong shape or color.

Only moral cowards take refuge in perpetual black headgear.

What, then, is it exactly that we feel within ourselves as we step into the open street for the first time in a new hat?

If the hat is an undoubted success, it gives a peculiar sense of elation—a knowledge that she is looking her best always makes a woman feel her prettiest!

Hats should be indicative of the moods of the wearer. Black for dignity, dark blue for sobriety, brown for calm days, red for hustling days.

The hat with the nodding roses denotes a gay midsummer mood, the "modest violet" toque makes a mute appeal to romance.

The dashing cavalier of a hat with sweeping plumes (none of your glycerined travesties, but well-nourished billowy ostrich feathers) precludes an adventure, while the Quaker gray toque with the floating veil goes with demure, downcast eyes.

But for real happiness give me the old felt hat that lives at the back of the wardrobe and has survived the "turning out" of many years. As we cram this old friend on to our head, with a pull at the brim to shade the eyes, the cool air of the uplands comes to meet us even as we reach for a stick and pass out through the open door on the road which leads back to the land of happy memories.

MARAT HONORED AS PATRIOT

Bloodthirsty Leader of French Revolution Interred With the Great Ones of the Nation.

From the destruction of the bastile, 132 years ago, July 14, the commencement of the French Revolution is dated, and its sanguinary fanaticism has no representative of such odious repulsiveness as John Paul Marat, who was assassinated in 1793. By birth a Swiss of Calvinistic parents, he had led a strange life for 45 years—latterly a sort of quack physician—when the great national crisis brought him to the surface as a journalist and a member of the convention. Less than five feet high, with frightful countenance and maniacal eye, he was an object of aversion to most people; but he had frantic earnestness and hesitated at no violence against the enemies of liberty, and so came to possess the entire confidence and affection of the mob of Paris. His paper daily clamored for blood and he desired every well-dressed person to be put to death. It was on July 14, four years after the fall of the bastile, that Charlotte Corday stabbed him to death in his bath to avenge the fate of her friend, one Barbaroux. Marat's death was treated as a public calamity and his body was deposited in the Pantheon with great honors.—Chicago Journal.

Fight Locusts With Airplanes.

The locust plague in southern France is being fought with the aid of airplanes. One hundred thousand acres of fertile land have been devastated. The pests are hatching out in isolated spots on the great Crau plain, and each new "nest" gives birth to many millions of locusts. It is of vital importance to destroy the young insects before they are strong enough to fly far, and this is where the airplanes are proving so useful. Pilots now daily scour the whole of the Crau plain, flying extremely low. When they locate a breeding ground or "nest" of locusts directions are immediately telephoned to the anti-locust headquarters at Miramas. If there is long grass near, petrol is poured on it and it is set afire. Otherwise the infested area is strewn with sawdust soaked in arsenic. This kills the locusts at once, and also any eggs that are unhatched.

French Courtesy.

In one of the smaller cities in central France used by a division headquarters during the winter of 1918-19, Alphonse, the barber, endeavored to learn to speak English. To this end he was diligently coached by numerous Yank dispatch bearers, sergeant majors and clerical workers, and Alphonse learned fast.

No less a personage than the commanding general of the division strode into the barber shop one day and demanded a shave in a hurry. Alphonse, who was tending a lowly enlisted customer, knew rank when he saw it, and rose to the occasion.

"Sairtainlee, mon general," he replied, bowing with the French politeness. "Sit down, mon general, an' you be nex' beg steef!"

The general waited.

The Lobster's Path.

The special dispatch from New London which told of the Noank fisherman who sold 2,700 pound of lobsters for more than $500, thus enabling him to pay all the expenses incurred last spring when he started to build pots, buoys, etc., probably gives only the first chapter in an interesting story. It is fair to assume that the dealer who resold them to the summer hotel was enabled to pay the expenses he incurred when he erected his new warehouse, wharves and office buildings last fall; while, it may be presumed, the summer hotel owner in retailing them to his guests cleared off the half-million-dollar mortgage he contracted when he added the ten-story marble wing earlier in the season.—Hartford (Conn.) Courant.

TOOK THE WHOLE SECTION

Girl Availed Herself Thoroughly of Courtesy Extended to Her by Fellow Traveler.

Some of us remember the story of the camel that wanted to put his nose into the master's tent to warm a bit. Well, that camel is still alive. The other day she got on the train, dressed very prettily and looked as if she were used to having half the world whenever she wished it. But she didn't get it, for all the Pullman seats were taken.

Finally a middle-aged man, noticing her discomfiture motioned to the Pullman conductor. "I have this whole section reserved," he explained, "and since this young lady only goes to Evansville she may have a seat in it."

Courtly, he rose from his seat facing the engine and indicated that she was to have it while he would ride backward. While he stood waiting for her to settle herself in it she lifted her grip, put it on the seat facing her, draped her coat beside it, also her hat, magazines, purse and a box of candy. Then she stretched herself in the choice seat, leaving not an inch of room for any other person to occupy.

For a long minute the man stood regarding the bit of space beside the hat and candy box. Then he turned on his heel and went into the smoking car to stay until the train reached Evansville.—Indianapolis News.

JOY THAT COMES BUT ONCE

Statesman Recalls Thrill of Delight That Came to Him in His Schoolboy Days.

William C. Redfield, former secretary of commerce, says that he can recall with microscopic distinctions the moment that gave himthe biggest thrill of delight in his whole life. It was when he was going to school and trying to master long division.

Three or four aisles over from where he sat a boy yawned. It was not an ordinary yawn, but one of such genuine expression of feeling toward things in general that it attracted Redfield's attention.

He was fortunate in having a paper wad right at hand, ready for any emergency, and he aimed this at the boy's cavernous mouth. By one of those rare exhibitions of magnanimity on the part of an inanimate object, the wad went right square into the goal, and Redfield's joy knew no bounds. He had played the one chance in a million and won.

Encouraged by his dexterity in that instance, Redfield then tried throwing rings at knives at county fairs, but never again did he exhibit such wondrous aim.

Caruso of China.

Lou Hoong-Shen, the Caruso of China, is dead. You never heard of him? Yet, he died in a Shanghai theater that had contracted to pay him $10,000 a week. That's a big salary. It is phenomenally big in China, where a few cents a day will hire a strong man. Born of poor parents, Lou Hoong-Shen had to scramble for a living. But, though China is a land of musical voices (as anyone will testify who has listened to the songs of the hawker and the coolie), the boy Lou stood alone. He had the most wonderful voice among 400,000,000 Chinese. Despite this, he had to work hard before he became great. For many years he was a mummer—a Chinese actor. Ten years ago he was "discovered" in Shanghai. At once he quit the paint and weird garb of a Chinese actor and became a musical star. By odd coincidence, the great Chinese tenor died from a burst blood vessel in his throat, similar to that which threatened to take the life of Caruso, now convalescent.

Fox Ranching in Europe.

Although it is not generally known, quite a number of foxes were sold last year to parties residing in Europe, mainly throughout Sweden, Norway and Switzerland. One rancher who has supplied a number of pairs to these Europeans, states that the industry is spreading in a truly wonderful manner in these countries, and that this year he expects to be able to sell practically all his foxes abroad. There is only one drawback at present to a general spread of the industry there, and that is the rather high cost of feeding, but this is being overcome, and the sale of breeding stock at good prices will amply cover the higher expense. The present rate of exchange is also a disadvantage, but this does not seem to affect those who want to start in at the business, as the Europeans are now used to this. There is most certainly a big field in Europe for the fox industry, and that it will some day amount to something big is a surety.

Ireland's Many Names.

Scots may be surprised, but in the days of Ptolemy Ireland was known as Scotia! In fact Ireland has had a number of names. Diodorus Siculas calls the Ireland Iris, or Irisi; in the De Mundo, credited by some scholars to Aristotle, it is called Irenne; in the Argonautica of Orpheus it appears as Irinus; Strabo called it Irene; Caesar, Tacitus and Pliny mentioned it as Hibernia; Mela called it Juverna. The native names in Celtic are Ir, Erl, Erin. Plutarch mentions it under the name of Ogygia.

Spring Bathing Is Good.

"Speaking of bathing in famous springs," said the tramp to the tourist, "I bathed in the spring of '86."—Orange Peel.

Requires Cash.

Often a man fails to embrace an opportunity because he is "shy."—Boston Transcript.

Full Weight.

Laugh and grow fat, and you find the laugh is on you.—Cartoons Magazine.

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EVERY DAY One Hundred People are Going Bids and They GET RESULTS

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PRICE 25 WORDS 25 CENTS FOR FIRST INSERTION, 10 CENTS FOR REPEATS

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REPORT

OF the condition of the NEWPORT NATIONAL BANK, at Newport, in the State of Rhode Island, at the close of business April 28, 1921.

RESOURCES		DOLLARS
Loans and discounts including red scounts	301,849 10	301,009 10
Overdrafts unsecured		148 11
U. S. Government securities owned:		
Deposited to secure circulation, (U.S. bonds par value	110,000 00	
All other U. S. Government securities,	97,588 74	
Total U. S. government securities		207,588 74
Other bonds, stocks, securities,		110,533 29
Banking house, furniture and fixtures		20,700 00
Cash in vault,		18,202 06
Lawful reserve with Federal Reserve Bank		33,253 17
Net amount due from National banks,		30,628 02
Exchanges for clearing house		5,002 21
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer and due from U. S. Treasurer		5,000 00
Total		$741,656 60

Liabilities		Dollars
Capital stock paid in		$120,000 00
Surplus fund		50,000 00
Undivided profits	28,843 27	
Less current expenses interest and taxes paid	6,481 40	18,361 87
Circulating notes outstanding		105,000 00
Certified checks outstanding		2,117 31
Cashier's checks on own bank outstanding		621 44
Individual deposits subject to check		412,708 30
Certificates of deposits due in less than 30 days (other than for money borrowed)		21,187 38
Dividends unpaid		85 20
Bills payable other than with Federal Reserve Bank including all obligations representing money borrowed other than rediscounts,		10,000 00
Total		$741,656 60

State of Rhode Island, County of Newport, ss

I, Henry C. Stevens, Jr., Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

H. C. STEVENS, JR., Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 6th day of May, 1921.

PACKER BRAMAN,
Notary Public.

Correct—Attest:

WILLIAM STEVENS,
WILLIAM W. COVELL,
BRADFORD NORMAN
Directors.

Probate Court of the City of Newport, August 8th, 1921.

Estate of Ellen S. Osborne

AN INSTRUMENT in writing purporting to be the last will and testament of Ellen S. Osborne, late of said Newport, deceased, is presented for probate, and the same is received and referred to the Twenty-ninth day of August, instant, at ten o'clock a. m., at the Probate Court Room in said Newport, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD,
8-13 Clerk.

Probate Court of the City of Newport, August 9th, 1921.

Estate of Michael J. Curran

Petition in writing is made by Cornelius M. Curran, of said Newport, praying for reasons therein stated, that he, or some other suitable person, may be appointed guardian of the person and estate of Michael J. Curran, a person of full age, of said Newport, and said petition is received and referred to the Sixth day of September next, at ten o'clock a. m., at the Probate Court Room in said Newport for consideration, and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days once a week, in the Newport Mercury, and that citation be served according to law.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD,
8-20 Clerk.

Probate Court of the City of Newport, August 8th, 1921.

Estate of Daniel Hurley

AN INSTRUMENT in writing purporting to be the last will and testament of Daniel Hurley, late of said Newport, deceased, is presented for probate, and the same is received and referred to the Twenty-ninth day of August, instant, at ten o'clock a. m., at the Probate Court Room in said Newport, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD,
8-13 Clerk.

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Get Many Silly Complaints.

Every day the postmasters in the larger cities receive countless letters of complaint. Not unnaturally among so large a number there are many of a frivolous nature. For example, one woman wrote that the carrier who delivered her letters was engaged to a woman twice his own age, and requested that he should be asked to break off the engagement or be dismissed.

Had Feeling for Daddy.

Maxine was visiting a friend. Her mother told her to return home at four o'clock, and when the time arrived she put away her playthings and prepared to leave. Her friend urged her to play just a little longer, but seriously she replied: "No, Molly. I can't play any longer, for if my daddy comes home from work and I'm gone he will cry his blue eyes out."

Coming of Age.

We mourn over the coming of age, but how many of us would really choose to remain young and so lose the treasures that the years bring; the varied friendships, the adventures, the garnered wisdom? Perpetual youth would leave us behind our own generation, would rob us of life's purpose and meaning.

NEWPORT AND PROVIDENCE RAILWAY COMPANY

Cars Leave Washington Square for Providence

Week Days—7:35, 8:50 and each hour to 4:50

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